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SAMOA—FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF RECENT RISING

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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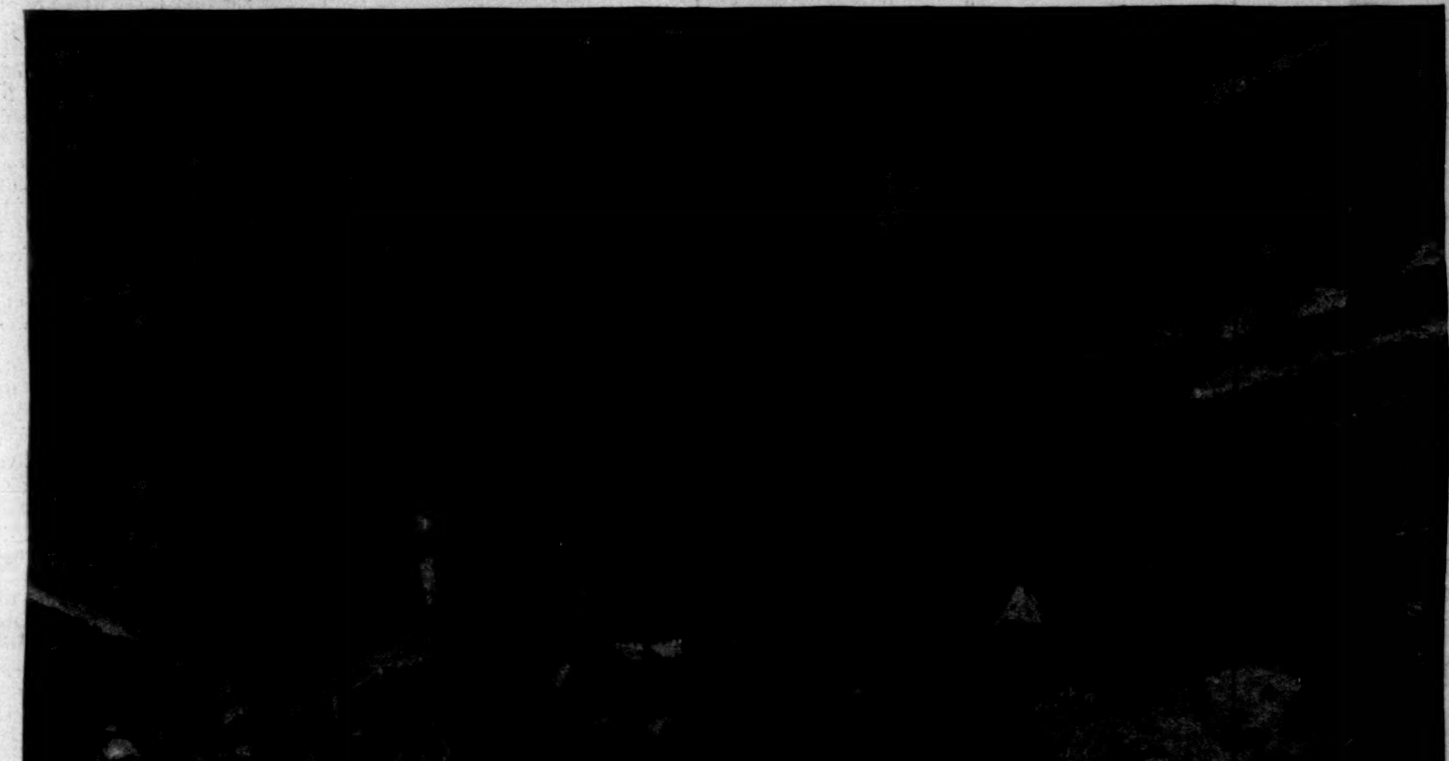

THE BLIZZARD OF 1899—HARD WORK OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT IN RESPONDING TO THE FREQUENT ALARMS.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 196.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 25, 1899

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The Civil Service Situation

THE civil service bill before the Legislature of this State is really a bill to make the statutes conform to the Constitution. Possibly the existing law, which is generally known as the "Black starchless civil service law," satisfies the letter of the Constitution, but every one believes that it was intended to defeat the constitutional provision which, when adopted, was supposed to settle forever the status of the reform so far as New York was concerned. That the effort of the spoilsmen has been at least partly successful is almost a matter of course. There has rarely been enacted a corrupt practices law, either in this country or in England, which the "boys" have not succeeded in beating for a time. The politicians at Washington have tried to starve the civil service commission by cutting off the appropriation. They postponed the reform for many years by this means in Grant's time, but, while they have made motions towards repeating the tactics since the present law was enacted, they have learned their lesson and dare not carry out their threats. They are at least doubtful of the people, and some of them know that on the plain issue of civil service reform the spoilsmen would be swept out of place and power. Not that they have given up hope entirely. They still think there is one more chance before the reform finally triumphs for another, at least a temporary, grab at the spoils, and they are therefore urging the President to except from the classified service some two thousand places and to throw them open to piracy. They do not dare to take the responsibility themselves. They do not want to face their constituents with the record against them—the record of ripping up the civil service law—so they are trying to throw the responsibility on the President, hoping that he will be foolish enough to take up the burden which they are afraid to assume.

The attack on the State service by Governor Black was bolder than the attitude of the Washington spoilsmen, probably because the Governor was not so well informed as they are, and as he probably is now, of the danger of meddling with a reform which has been deliberately adopted by the people. He pretended, however, to try to make a better law. He was charged with trying to open the service to patronage-mongers and beggars. The law which he drew, and which was enacted by an obedient Legislature, has accomplished, partly at least, the ends which the Governor was accused of seeking. In many instances it has been shown that the politicians have succeeded in making success in an intellectual examination count for nothing, and in selecting, under the pretence of inquiring into the moral and other fitness of the competitors, the persons whom they have desired to reward for their own or their friends' party services. It is fair to assume that Black intended that his law should work this way; and whether he did or did not so intend, the practical effect of the law has been to defeat the purpose of the Constitution. Moreover, it is to be expected that the longer the Black law remains upon the statute-book, the more numerous will be the attempts of the "boys" to avail themselves of the opportunities which it affords to them. Besides the starchless law, the State has had a statute for New York city and another for its other municipalities. In the city of New York the local statute has been taken advantage of by Tammany Hall to overturn entirely the civil service system which the people have commanded in their Constitution.

While there has been some doubt felt as to the attitude of President McKinley towards the law, or rather towards the politicians who are seeking to overturn the law—a doubt in which we shall not share until we are compelled to do so by Mr. McKinley himself—no doubt whatever is felt by any one as to the position of Governor Roosevelt. His career and his character speak for him, and his election as Governor having been accomplished, his recommendation of the repeal of the Black law was inevitable. The Legislature has now the opportunity to follow the example and to carry out the wishes of the Governor. A bill is before it which embodies the true principles of the reform, satisfies fully, in letter and in spirit, the provision of the Constitution, and establishes one law for the whole State, regulating the appointment of minor administrative officers. If this law is not passed, the failure to act will greatly discredit the Republican party in New York; and its position is not too firmly intrenched, for, with Governor Roosevelt as its leader and Tammany Hall as its opponent, it carried the State at the last election by a majority of only 18,000. It was the virtue of its leader which gave it the victory, and if it desires to retain its power in the State it will adopt for itself the reform of which the Governor has been so diligent and able a promoter. Running on its own sins, and on those of its boss, it cannot carry this State. It could not have carried it last year with any other candidate than the one which the people forced upon it. It will find it difficult to carry it again if it does not follow the Governor, and support him in his effort to replace the fraudulent Black law with an honest civil service statute, which will eventually give the State an efficient administrative service, and help to drive out of public life the kind of man who makes the Legislature a market-place, the laws subjects of bargain and sale, the public offices rewards for corrupt services, and the boss and his gains possible.

The politics of the United States have fallen very low through the contrivance and ascendency of base men. Reform of these conditions is of greater and more pressing moment than the addition of colonies, the expansion which tickles the imaginations of those who prefer to hope idly than to look stern facts in the face and to think industriously. But, even assuming that we are to have a colonial career, shall we enter it to the furtherance of the spoilsman, or shall we take steps to prepare for efficient colonial government? The first step towards a better state of politics at home and abroad must be taken here, and ought to be taken at once. There is no more promising field for reform than the State of New York overshadowed by Platt, and the city of New York groaning under the despotism of Croker; for here, by reason of temporary fortuitous conditions, the people have shown the kind of man they prefer by compelling the nomination of Roosevelt, and electing him despite his backing. The pending civil service bill simply gives to his party the opportunity to extend their hold on the people by following the Governor. The civil service situation in the country gives to the politicians a chance to show that sometimes good may come out of imperialism.

THE report of the War Commission contains a number of very valuable suggestions. Whether its attack upon General Miles is justified or not is to be determined by a court of inquiry, which will have the power to call and swear witnesses, which the War Commission lacked, and in that court—rightly or wrongly, it matters not—the public will have more confidence than it has in a body which has been generally alleged to have been appointed for the purpose of whitewashing Secretary Alger. That the report does something towards sustaining this charge is true, and in no respect more than in its criticism of General Breckinridge's department, which was, indeed, weakened by the absence of its chief, and of other inspecting officers who secured commands, and in the absence of criticism of the Adjutant-General's department, which, without fault of General Corbin, we assume, was also greatly crippled by the absence of a very large percentage of its officers in the field and away from their proper duties. It is clear, too, that the commission likes Mr. Alger and dislikes General Miles; and while we are not champions of the latter, and believe that he deserves severe censure for the bad example he has set the army, we think that the War Commission will find that the country does not share its sentiments towards the two men, nor is it going to be led to believe that there was no "embalmed beef" because the commissioners have not found any.

Notwithstanding all this, however, and perhaps because of the animus accredited to the commission, some features of the report are valuable, and, we hope, will be influential. In the first place, so far as the campaign in Cuba is concerned, it is clear from the report that war was begun not only without adequate preparation, but in criminal disregard of existing conditions. No one reading the report can doubt that Mr. Poultney Bigelow's charges, written from Tampa, and published in Harper's Weekly before General Shafter's expedition started, were understatements of the terrible confusion prevailing there—of the lack of executive ability displayed by the quartermaster's department, and of the cruel treatment of the troops, although nothing seems to be said of the bad character of the clothing and food furnished to men about to engage in a tropical campaign. The commissioners report that not only was the water transportation from Tampa to Cuba recklessly insufficient, but that the officers responsible for it had "largely overrated" the carrying capacity of the vessels, which were all loaded without system, and many of which were poorly equipped as to sleeping accommodations, and were in vile sanitary condition. Nor can any one read the report without coming to the conclusion that those who are entitled to the great credit for the success of the Santiago campaign are the officers and men of the line of the regular army. If the commanding officer and his superiors had devised and provided for a campaign such as that which Shafter commanded, or seemed to command, against a first-rate power, the force that reached the fighting-point could not have sustained itself—probably it would have been destroyed on or before landing. The campaign resulted as it did because it was against worn-out and third-rate Spain, and there is no reason to believe that the men who controlled the army last spring could devise or prepare for any other kind of a campaign, even if the enemy were England or France or Germany.

As to the permanent and lasting evils of the army, there are some which have long been the subject of discussion, and some which are evident enough to clear eyes which have not yet, however, been observed by Senators and Representatives who have undertaken the task of legislating on army matters. First and foremost, the commission has recognized the responsibility of Congress for our military inefficiency. When Congress also sees this we may hope for some substantial reforms. The commission also recognizes the fact that the staff departments, except the Engineer and Ordnance Corps, are unintelligent; that the number of surgeons is too small; that the conditions at headquarters are destructive both of discipline and efficiency; that there ought to be a chief of staff at the head of the army; and that the present condition of conflict between the commanding general on one side and the Adjutant-General and Secretary of War on the other is hostile to the interests of the country. Another fact which is borne in upon one as of great importance, especially in view of the supposed connection between the commissioners and the man who has filled the army with civilians, is the following, and this ought to be commended to Congress:

> It does not appear reasonable that an arbitrary law should prevent, during the existence of war, the use of experienced men merely on account of their age. We think it would be wise to make it discretionary with the President to use the officers on the retired list for filling positions during war.
>
> During the recent war many positions were filled by the appointment of civilians to which retired officers could have brought professional training, valuable knowledge, and large experience.
>
> In the matter of regimental officers the commission found that all volunteer commands officered by men of military experience and training fared much better than those officered by amateurs. The soldiers were more effectively cared for, enjoyed better health, and were better fed and clothed.
>
> The commission recommends for the future a strict examination into the qualifications of all officers appointed to the army, regular or volunteer. The establishment of schools of instruction for inexperienced officers taken from civilian life to meet the emergency created by the war is highly commended. Quite a number of regular officers assigned to the command of volunteer troops adopted this expedient, and the results were eminently satisfactory.

This was not written to do justice to the officers of the regular army, but is recited as a hard lesson learned by actual experience in the war, and for a warning against the future. Has Congress patriotism enough to heed it, and to insist on training and mental capacity in addition to the "pull" as conditions precedent to appointment to the army? On the whole, the report, though discredited in advance, may do good.

IT is to be hoped, now that Secretary Long has sent to the Senate all the facts about Admirals Sampson and Schley at Santiago, and that the latter's friends have heard them for the second or third time, that Admiral Sampson may have the honors he has won—not only his promotion, but the thanks of Congress, and a sword from the nation.

THIS BUSY WORLD.

By E. S. Martin

THERE was real winter in New York last week—winter of fur caps and mittens, snow-drifts, gales, frozen gas-pipes, and all the phenomena that folks remember who at some period of their lives have known real winters. If New York winters could only be held up to the standard of this recent sample, Mr. C. C. Shayne, the furrier, would have no need to resort to the devices for stimulating business which have lately attracted so much attention to him and his fellow-officers of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Board of Trade. Six successive days of severe cold, such as New York felt between February 9 and February 15, with a blizzard thrown in for good measure, were enough to give one some conception of what there might be in the fur business if winter only took hold like that before Christmas and held on till the middle of March. Now that we know what winter in New York might be, we can see what really ails the fur business on Forty-second Street, and are in a position to assure Mr. Shayne that his project of inspecting the tooth-brushes of returning travellers and upsetting trunks and tempers can never have the full effect that he desires. It is Boreas that Mr. Shayne should appeal to. Give us enough zero weather, and the demand for furs will be so brisk that Mr. Shayne will be able to withdraw all his spies from the docks and keep them busy selling muffs.

So as to Mr. Walters the auctioneer, and Messrs. Heckman, Lent, and Nelson, the tailors, and Mr. Hauptner the shirt-maker, and Mr. O'Neil the Broadway shoe-man, and Mr. Goodwin who sells dressmakers' supplies. A meteorological reform which would give New York real winter weather in the winter months would help them all. Low temperatures are hostile to economies in clothing. When the cold bites, folks have to go fully clad, whatever the cost is.

THERE would be more sympathy with the efforts of Mr. Shayne and his accomplices to amend the habits of returning travellers if they were actuated by a moral purpose. It is known that many persons who return from Europe are not as conscientious as they should be about paying duties on all their dutiable belongings, and instances have even been heard of where travellers have communicated five-dollar bills and other instruments of placation to inspectors with intent to facilitate the examination of their baggage. There are those, too, who say that all women are natural smugglers, church members not necessarily excepted, though loose allegations of that sort must be taken with salt. If the purpose of the Shayne cohort were to protect travellers from temptation, and custom-house officers from the risk of corruption, that purpose would be respected, even though its practical results were inconvenient. Sad to say, however, there is no reason to believe that Mr. Shayne or any of his coadjutors has given the moral side of the matter any thought. They are not even solicitous that Uncle Sam should get his dues. What they want is to compel Americans to buy goods in New York instead of in London or in Paris. Two correspondents of the *Evening Post* report Mr. Shayne as declaring in his shop that "he was going to put a stop to foreign shopping." That is the spirit which is back of the action of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Board of Trade, and it is because the new and vexatious regulations are the expression of that sentiment that they excite such general wrath. That incoming travellers should pay fully and honestly the duties which the government exacts is right, and the government should make sure, so far as is reasonably possible, that they do pay them. But that the government should co-operate with a squad of New York merchants in a scheme for the punishment of travellers who have bought goods abroad is preposterous. It is better that a moderate amount of smuggling and dishonesty in travellers should go undetected than that honorable persons should be subjected to unmerited annoyance.

Meanwhile let us not waste any sympathy on folks who want to smuggle, and are vexed because their aspirations may be balked. Folks who are willing to pay duties on their dutiable importations have a right to complain of delays and needless annoyance. But folks who want to cheat the law should hold their tongues now, for they share with Mr. Shayne and the others the responsibility for all this mess.

A CASUAL paragraph in a daily newspaper reads:

> In a recent treatise on alcoholism by Trull it is stated that in England 75 per cent. of all cases of pauperism are due to drink, and in Germany 90 per cent. In Germany drink leads to 1600 cases of suicide a year, and supplies the lunatic asylums with 3000 victims.

Is drink really the cause of all this pauperism and all these suicides, or is it merely a concomitant of most of them? Pauperism may follow drink, suicide may follow drink, and yet drink may not be the true cause of either. In the final wind-up of a broken-down man or woman, whose life is wrecked from whatever reason, there is apt to be an alcoholic complication. In such cases drunkenness is not a cause, but an incident; but all cases of wreck in which drink figures seem to be charged up against rum. Doubtless statisticians ought to take account of this fact, but the statistician, as a rule, is a better shot with a blunderbuss than with a rifle.

SECRETARY LONG, after careful consideration, has issued an order prohibiting the sale of all intoxicating liquors to sailors or marines while attached to ships stationed at navy-yards, or while employed on receiving-vessels or at naval stations. What the Secretary does after careful consideration ought to be wise, and it may be that this is a wise order. But the assertion that it is due to repeated protests of temperance societies that are opposed to any sale or sanction of liquor by the government, and that the system which it discontinues is commended by naval officers as a means of diminishing drunkenness, leaves room in the observer's mind for doubt whether in this case the Secretary has done well. The traffic in beer, which is now prohibited, was undertaken with the idea that if sailors could get a moderate amount of beer with their meals or at other suitable times they would be less apt to get tipsy when they had shore leave. So far as appears the scheme has worked well, for the officers of the navy who have the best chance to judge of its effects want it continued.

The case is practically the same as that of the army canteen. The Hull reorganization bill, as passed by the House, abolishes the canteen. A correspondent of the *Sun*, who signs himself "an officer of the regular army," makes a very strong protest against this feature of the bill. The canteens at army posts, he says, have never sold anything but beer, and have had an admirable effect in diminishing drunkenness in the army. They are opposed, he says, by the prohibitionists and the saloon-keepers—by the former because "it is their nature to," by the latter because at army posts where the canteen flourishes the saloon can't do business. And what is the canteen in a well-regulated post? As this officer describes it, it is part of the post exchange, a soldiers' club, having comfortable rooms, a library with newspapers and periodicals on file, a billiard-room with a piano in it, and a lunch-room. The canteen itself sells beer, tobacco, and cigars, and the profits of these sales go to help maintain all the other features of the exchange. The exchange sells groceries and various trifles that soldiers want, but there is little or no profit on anything but beer. Drunkenness is not permitted in post exchanges, and the non-commissioned officers in charge see that it does not occur.

The alternative to the post exchange is a fringe of saloons about the outskirts of the post, where some soldiers fill themselves with bad whiskey, overstay their leaves, pawn parts of their uniforms, and get into various scrapes and difficulties, and make life burdensome to the officers who have to punish them.

It is possible that this description of the advantages of canteens and post exchanges is a little overdrawn, but it bears all the marks of substantial truth. Moreover, any one who knows aught about prohibitionists and radical temperance advocates is aware that with them the mere fact that a canteen where beer was sold in a post exchange was the most efficient means available to diminish drunkenness and make soldiers lead decent lives would not weigh a pin's weight against the abolition of that canteen if it could be compassed. The great[illegible] the usefulness of the toleration of restricted beer-selling in army posts or navy-yards, the greater in the eyes of the prohibitionists is the scandal. Better the whole drunken world be damned, cries the prohibitionist, than that any part of it should be rescued by legalized beer-selling!

MR. KIPLING'S eminence as a poet is attested by the immense number of sarcastic imitations that have been called out by his verses about the "White Man's Burden." He has written better verses than these, good as these are, but few that have made so much stir. Both in England and here they have had a red-rag effect on the opponents of expansion. It is worth noting that the sentiment of "The Recessional" is contrary to that of this later deliverance in that "The Recessional" said "go slow," while "The White Man's Burden" says "go ahead." "The Recessional" was the most popular poem Mr. Kipling ever wrote, but "The White Man's Burden" is chiefly quoted by persons who find fault with its sentiments. Yet in themselves they are sentiments of the highest nobility, and preach more of Christianity than of conquest. If there were a more general belief that imperialism means actually what it seems to mean to Mr. Kipling, both the thing itself and the poem that extols it would be more popular.

AT the age of seventy-six, Dr. Henry M. Field has determined to give himself a holiday from task-work and taste the luxury of doing what he likes. He has sold his interest in the *Evangelist*, of which he has been the editor for more than forty years, and though he does not sever his connection with it entirely, its control has passed into other hands. He will still write for it when his mind needs relief, but his chief concern for some time to come will be, apparently, to have some fun. He has gone to Washington to visit his brother Stephen, and from there he plans to go to Florida and Cuba, and wherever the climate invites and there are things to see.

What a luxury it must be to reach a time of life when one may without compunction quit task-work, and, as Dr. Field says, "have nothing to do except a lot of things which I have long wished to have leisure to do." Evidently Dr. Field is going to Carcassonne at last, and evidently he has the legs for the journey, and eyes still for all he will see when he gets there.

IT is narrated that a set of Kipling's works which was lately sent by its author to Captain Robley Evans was enriched by these dedicatory verses:

Zogbaum draws with a pencil,
  And I do things with a pen,
But you sit up in a conning-tower
  Bossing eight hundred men.

Zogbaum takes care of his business,
  And I take care of mine;
And you take care of ten thousand tons
  Sky-hooting through the brine.

Zogbaum can handle his shadows,
  And I can handle my style;
But you can handle a ten-inch gun
  To carry seven mile.

All readers of the WEEKLY know Mr. Zogbaum's work, and know that Mr. Kipling's assertions about him are strictly true. Eleven water-colors of his and thirty-one black-and-white drawings, many of which have been reproduced in the WEEKLY, are on exhibition at Avery's gallery, 368 Fifth Avenue. They are all concerned with sailors or soldiers, and many of them illustrate scenes in our late war with Spain. These war-drawings are the work of an eye-witness, for Mr. Zogbaum personally stood over the war and saw the scenes he drew.

IT is generally conceded that the President did his best to get a first-rate man to be the successor of Mr. Young as librarian of the Congressional Library. He first offered the place to Mr. Herbert Putnam, of the Boston Public Library, who declined it, partly, it seems, on the reasonable ground that the salary is only $5000, whereas in Boston he gets $6000. Dr. McKinley's second choice was Samuel J. Barrows, Congressman from Massachusetts, who accepted the appointment.

Though not a trained librarian, Mr. Barrows is a man of uncommonly varied education who loves learning and is used to books. Though he hails now from Boston, he had the advantage of being born in 1841 in New York, and of passing his early years in the erudite atmosphere of Manhattan. When he was four years old his father died, leaving the family poor; and we are told that Samuel soon after hired out as office-boy to his cousin, Mr. Hoe, the inventor of the Hoe press. Mr. Hoe, it seems, noticed that he was a clever boy, and sent him to school when he was twelve years old, without docking his wages. From sixteen to twenty Samuel went to classes in the Cooper Institute. Discovering that he had ability as a speaker, he determined to be a minister; meanwhile he became a reporter, and worked for various New York papers. The civil war coming on then, he became a Washington correspondent, and afterward, in 1867, became stenographic secretary to Secretary-of-State Seward. He staid four years in the State Department.

All these experiences did not break him of the disposition to be a minister, and in 1871, being thirty years old, he entered the Harvard Divinity School. In due time he was graduated, but he varied his theological studies as he went along by newspaper-work, which took him, in 1873, to the Yellowstone, and in 1874 to the Black Hills, where he had a good experience of Indian-fighting. Then he spent a year in studying political economy at Leipsic, Germany, but still kept on expecting to be a minister until, in 1876, he really did become pastor of the First Parish Church, in Dorchester, Massachusetts, a charge which he cleaved to for five years, and resigned, in 1881, to become editor of the *Christian Register*, which he conducted for sixteen years.

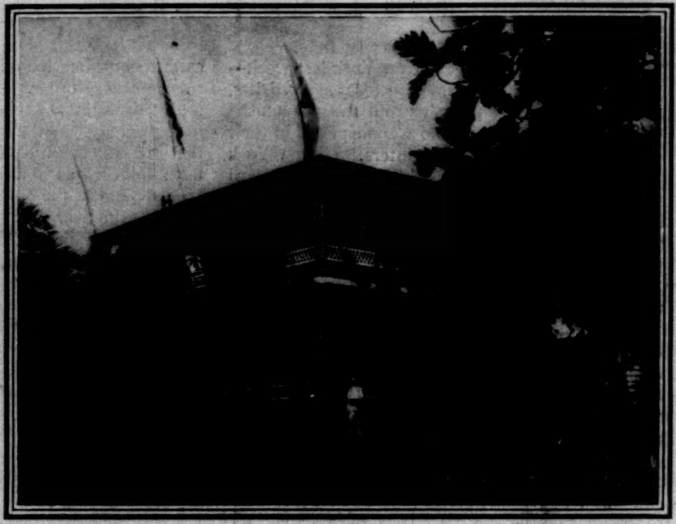
Somehow no ordinary experience seems to unfit a man to be a Unitarian minister, nor does being a Unitarian minister unfit a man for subsequent usefulness in other fields. While Mr. Barrows was editor of the *Register* he spent a year in Europe studying archæology and visiting European prisons. Twice in later years he returned to Europe—once, in 1895, as secretary of the United States delegation to the Prison Congress in Paris, and again, the following year, as our representative on the International Prison Commission. He was elected to Congress in 1896, and his term will expire next month.

BOSTON gave a great dinner to Admiral Sampson on February 6. The board was spread at a place called The Tuileries (perhaps the imperialists chose the place), and Richard Olney sat at the head of it. The occasion seemed to the Boston men to call for a minstrel, and accordingly Judge Grant brought out the harp that he erstwhile touched for The Little Tin Gods on Wheels, and tuned it up to the heroic pitch. It stood the strain admirably. Congress may not vote Admiral Sampson the sword it ought to give him, and may not reward him as fully as he deserves in matter of increased rank, but sword or no sword, he will have Judge Grant's poem to fall back on, and it is no mean prop. The last verse of it runs:

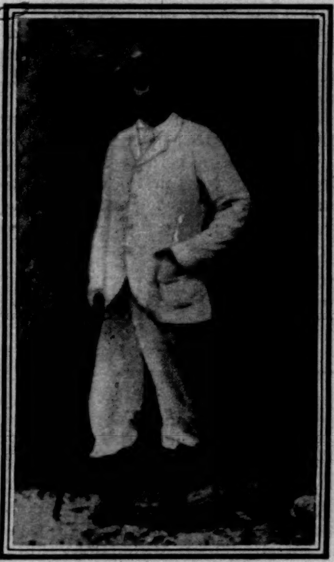
Great Captain of the battle-ships
  Which crushed the ancient pride of Spain,
Whose praise is rife on all men's lips,
  Whose record stands without a stain,
The laurel wreath of fame is yours
  Among the heroes of the sea;
Long as our native land endures
  Illustrious your name will be.

SIX weeks ago 100,000 copies of Bismarck's Memoirs had already been sold in Germany, but if report is to be credited, that is but the beginning of the book's circulation. On December 5 the Berlin correspondent of the London *Standard* wrote that 318,000 copies had then been ordered, but as only 100,000 copies had been printed, it would be months before all orders could be filled. It seems the German publishers estimated that the book should sell at least as well as General Grant's Memoirs, and regulated the size of their first edition on that expectation.

BRITISH SAILORS AT THE ENGLISH MISSION-HOUSE.



HOUSE OF CHIEF-JUSTICE CHAMBERS, UNDER AMERICAN AND BRITISH FLAGS.—The German Flag, for third Pole, was recalled.

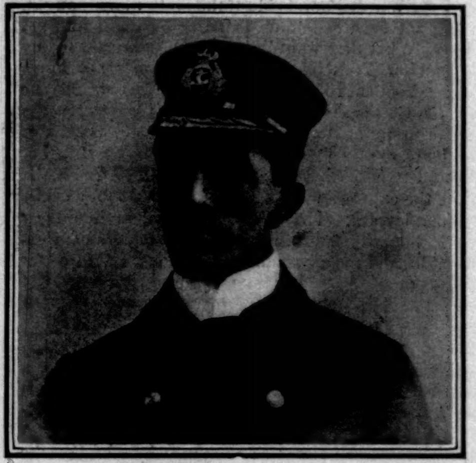


E. G. B. MOXSE,
British Consul.

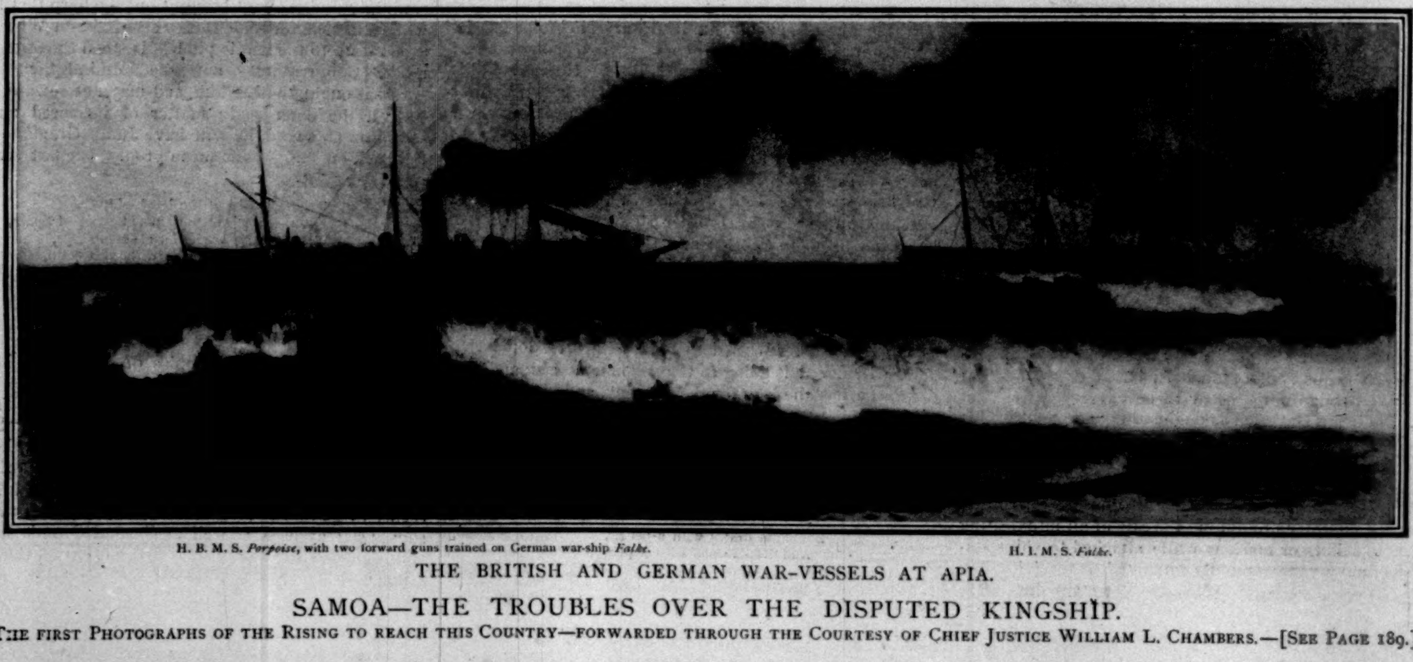
NATIVE OUTPOST ON THE ROAD NEAR THE RESIDENCE OF CHIEF-JUSTICE CHAMBERS.

LIEUT. GUY R. GAUNT R. N.,
Who commanded Landing-Party.

REMAINS OF NATIVE HOUSES IN VILLAGE LOOTED AND BURNED BY FOLLOWERS OF MATAAFA.



COMMANDER F. C. D. STURDEE, R. N.,
H. B. M. S. *Porpoise*.



H. B. M. S. *Porpoise*, with two forward guns trained on German war-ship *Falke*.

H. I. M. S. *Falke*.

THE BRITISH AND GERMAN WAR-VESSELS AT APIA.

SAMOA—THE TROUBLES OVER THE DISPUTED KINGSHIP.

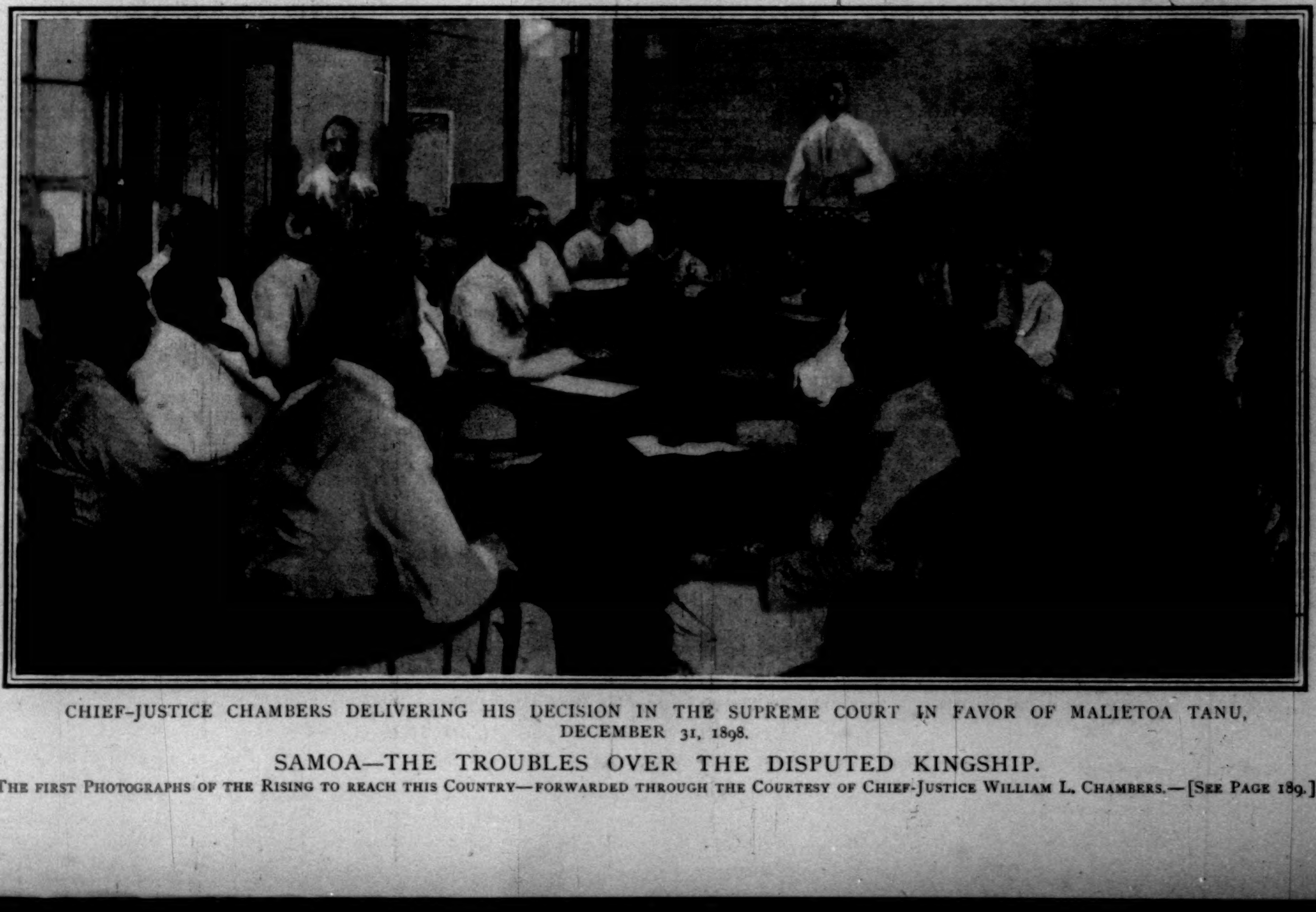
The first Photographs of the Rising to reach this Country—forwarded through the Courtesy of Chief Justice William L. Chambers.—[See Page 189.]

KING MALIETOA TANU AND GUARDS.
Photograph taken immediately after Chief-Justice Chambers's Decision. The Guard on the extreme Left killed two Men with his first Shot when the Rush was made against the King.

H.M.S.
PORPOISE

CHIEF-JUSTICE CHAMBERS AND FAMILY ON BOARD BRITISH WAR-SHIP *PORPOISE*.

LLOYD W. OSBORN,
United States Consul-General.



CHIEF-JUSTICE CHAMBERS DELIVERING HIS DECISION IN THE SUPREME COURT IN FAVOR OF MALIETOA TANU, DECEMBER 31, 1898.

SAMOA—THE TROUBLES OVER THE DISPUTED KINGSHIP.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE RISING TO REACH THIS COUNTRY—FORWARDED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF CHIEF-JUSTICE WILLIAM L. CHAMBERS.—[SEE PAGE 189.]

The Climate of Manila

BY JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

AT first you do not notice much about the weather in Manila, there are so many other things of greater interest. Then the reaction sets in, and everybody praises the weather because it has been so quiet and well-behaved. It has rained and the sun has shone; the thermometer has not jumped up and down; there have been no earthquakes, no destructive hurricanes, no supernatural showers of fire—nothing, indeed, but commonplace wet weather. Your loquacious friend, meeting you on the street, remarks: "Why, this weather is not bad. According to all accounts, the heat out here was to kill us; but I've seen it hotter than this right in New York city. I never felt better in my life," and he hurries off to see the great Church of San Sebastien, in the construction of which the architects stole five hundred thousand dollars out of the million it cost. The next time you see your friend he is walking more slowly and looks thin. He comes up to you and, with an irritated voice, says: "Look here; you ought to expose this humbug about the malignant effect of the climate here. I never before saw a more even climate. No, I'm not feeling very well. I don't know just what is the matter with me. I feel weak; my stomach is out of order. I wake up in the morning with my eyes stuck together, and my mouth feeling too large, and my feet and hands seem swollen. Fact is, I have lost twenty pounds. Well, good day; don't forget to straighten out that fraud about the weather in the Philippines."

When I first arrived in Cavité the temperature was in the eighties, and there it sticks night and day, except towards dawn, when the thermometer drops a little. At no time does the heat impress one as being very great, but the continuous persistency of it is overpowering. In fact, the climate is a good deal like the native—small, insignificant, and inscrutable. You cannot quite make either of them out. By-and-by you find out how many natives there are, and with what persistence they keep at you, getting a penny for this and for that, bleeding you at every turn, until your well-filled pocket-book shrivels up, and then becomes mildewed by the climate. About the same time you discover the same persistence in the weather. It gives you no rest, day or night. You perspire all day, and you wake up drenched in the morning. Gradually your portly form shrinks, and you wonder whether you are not getting to look like the little thin brown people who slide along on the shady side of the street.

There are three cool places in Manila—one the Luneta, towards evening, when the rays of the descending sun sifting through the banks of vapor on the horizon spread over the sky colors whose tropical richness kindles the imagination. There a soft wind blows from the sea, and one may drive up and down, passing carriages filled with Spanish women without hats, their black hair massed on the top of their head, their hostile eyes looking disdain at all Americanos.

In the bath-tub the water is just a little cooler than the air, and a prolonged sojourn there will for the time being refresh one. The coolest place, however, is the cool-room in the brewery, where the thermometer stands at 30° Fahrenheit. In other places and at other times in Manila you come to a slow boil and gradually melt away.

Diseases which in our country seize the patient with violence, and kill him quickly or pass away and allow him to get well, seem to have absorbed by long residence the insidious and persistent character of the climate. There have been among our men many cases of typhoid fever. The doctors tell me that, without a great rise of temperature or any of the other vigorous symptoms usual in typhoid, their patients waste away and finally go out like a dying candle. Our hospital is not over-crowded, but a large number of the men fell under the weather. Company officers report an unusually large number of quarrels and fights among new arrivals, which shows that a certain adjustment to environments is going on. Our men and our officers have to learn that they cannot go about and work with the same rush that they are accustomed to at home. Many who will not learn are paying dearly for their obstinacy. The fact that malarial fever is not more prevalent among the troops is astonishing. For weeks the soldiers lay in the swamps outside the town, drenched to the skin whenever they were on duty in the trenches, and often flooded out of their tents when they remained in camp. I have lain in my tent at night listening to the interminable monotonous croak of thousands of frogs and the heavy fall of the never-ending rain, to get up in the morning and find that my shoes, which I had inadvertently left on the ground, had floated out of the tent. If by chance in future days you meet a man who was on the Philippine expedition, never say "frogs" to him. Jimmy Green invariably tells you that he is glad to be in Manila to get away from the noise of "them frogs." Camp Dewey was one great frog-pond. These frogs seemed to be in league with the Spaniards; for while the latter spent the night shooting at our men in the trenches, the frogs kept those remaining in camp awake with their intolerable croaking. Where there are frogs and rice-swamps there is likely to be malaria. However, it may be that malaria is, like other things in this climate, slow but sure.

Perhaps the most difficult hygienic question to settle here is what to drink, for a more thirsty climate there never was. The oldest living foreign inhabitants will tell you,

"Drink as little water, boiled or unboiled, as possible, and never touch alcohol—what will you have, whiskey and soda or beer?"

The natives drink only water, the Spaniards drink wine with their meals, and the rest of the foreign population drink alcoholic stimulants to excess. Men who followed the directions of the government, and drank as much boiled water as they felt inclined to, suffered the penalty. Unless you boil your water yourself you can never be sure of getting it done; and, besides, when you are thirsty there never happens to be any boiled water about. Rain-water from old tanks, off dirty roofs, is especially dangerous. The best formula seems to be to drink as little as possible while you are adjusting your weight to the climate, and after you have lost twenty pounds still drink as little as possible. I shall never forget the parting instructions of an old stager when I started for the Sudan in by-gone days: "There is one thing that kills all good men in tropical countries, and that is water. My boy, never touch water in any form."

Having abused the climate of Manila, it would be unfair not to state the other side of the case. An untrained force of 14,000 men came from a cold into a tropical country. They have been here now some months under the most trying conditions, and yet the health of the army is generally excellent; indeed, much better than it was in camp at San Francisco.

The Blessing of the Snow

HAPPILY the snow-birds
Twitter on the drifts of white;
Happily the snow-birds
Cheep with joy aglow.
They are merry and they're prankful,
And in spirit blithely thankful
For the music of the north wind and the Blessing of the Snow.

Happily the rose root
Sleeps beneath the drifts of white;
Happily the rose root
Dreams in peace below,
In the mould so warm and cozy,
Of the summer ripe and rosy,
For its vision of the summer is the Blessing of the Snow

Happily the hunter
Tramps across the drifts of white;
Happily the hunter
Scurries to and fro,
For his traps with game are teeming,
And he travels lodgeward, beaming,
While he thanks the God of Plenty for the Blessing of the Snow.

Happily the gaunt wolf
Lopes across the drifts of white;
Happily the gaunt wolf
Faces blast and blow,
Hauling through the midnight starry
For her whelps the human quarry,
And she snarls in surly homage of the Blessing of the Snow.

Happily the workman
Shovels off the drifts of white;
Happily the workman
Loses care and woe
While he sings a grateful song for
All the work he's prayed so long for
That has come to him from heaven in the Blessing of the Snow.

R. K. M.

DRAMA

Musical Comedy and Melodrama at Daly's.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S departure into the field of Drury Lane melodrama recalls an incident that is typical, no doubt, of many that happened after his departure into the field of the Gaiety musical play. A worthy couple from up the State, who had been accustomed for years to celebrate their occasional visits to the metropolis by an evening at the Home of our Classical Comedy, happened upon "The Geisha." "I don't remember *him*," the wife said, on the lifting of the curtain, "nor *him*, nor *him*." "And who is *she?*" said the husband, "and *she*, and *she?*" Their remarks attracted the attention of their neighbors. The wife was for going at once, but the husband temporized, "Wait for Ada Rehan; she is worth seeing in anything." The wife acquiesced, in the hope that John Drew would come in. But the worthy people grew more and more restless as the play grew more and more Japanese, and finally they agreed to betake themselves to a theatre the husband had noticed next door. They went out, presumably to Weber & Fields's. If they had happened in at Mr. Daly's theatre during the present month of grace they would have been satisfied, perhaps, for the members of his famous company, or what are left of them, are all to be seen in the splendid scenes of "The Great Ruby, or the Kiss of Blood."

Daly Lane.

The first act, in which we see the notable robbery of the Great Ruby, takes place in the shop of a Bond Street silversmith, one *John Garnett*, who is so rich and prosperous a tradesman that he has been knighted; and, behold! under the shopkeeperly guise of cockney *Sir John* lie buried the ribbons and lace, the air of old-world gentility, we have so long associated with Mr. Herbert Gresham. Other scenes occur at Oatlands Park Hotel, in the prosperous manager of which we recognize *William Gobbo* and *Sir Toby Owen*, or some such matter as that. It is very confusing. One of the most realistic scenes is a village street before the Packhorse Inn, where bicyclers pass and repass, and a four-in-hand drives up with real "Sporting Life" horses, from the rearmost seat of which descends—not Mrs. Gilbert, but decade upon decade of the dearest and best memories of our stage. In the great and much-advertised balloon scene, that glass of matinée fashion and mould of schoolgirl form Charles Orlando Bassanio Richman fights the leader of the diamond gang in mid-air, and after wrenching the Great Ruby from him, hurls him headlong into the valley of the shadow of the circus net beneath the stage. But let us cheer up, for the worst is yet to come. The foolish and ridiculous detective chief, one *Brett* of Scotland Yard, is none other than Sidney Shylock Herbert, and he falls in love with the cockney cashier at Oatlands Park Hotel. This, however, is by way of a social lift for *Shylock*, for this cockney girl is none other than Miss Paula Edwardes, who came out so brilliantly last fall in the 'igh society, 'igh society, of "The Runaway Girl." It is alone worth the price of admission to see the late *Shylock* embrace his social opportunities.

Miss Rehan plays the amusingly vulgar and pretentious *Lady Garnett*, wife of the cockney silversmith from whom the Great Ruby was stolen. To say that she plays her part, such as it is, with distinction is superfluous; but the most charming bit in her acting, at least the night I saw her, was a passage in which, weary perhaps with the banality of her lines, she made one of those amusing syllabic transpositions to which the best of actors are liable. It was as if, instead of saying *lamb dyer*, she had said *damblyer*. Miss Rehan saw the joke before the rest of us, burst out into a *Peggy Rosalind* fit of mirth, and hung her head behind the sofa upon which she was sitting until she and the whole houseful of us had had our laugh out. At the end of the scene she was roundly applauded, and at least one of her auditors was more grateful for that little touch of her comradeship with her audience than for the thirteen scenes of four-in-hands, balloons, and all that.

Miss Rehan as a Tragic Actress.

I am indebted to one of the spectacular passages in "The Great Ruby" for a suggestion. It is the seriocomic scene in which *Lady Garnett*, worried by the theft of the ruby, walks in her sleep *à la Lady Macbeth*, and does several things that are amusing and help the plot along. Throughout the scene Miss Rehan seemed to be laughing at herself—her sense of humor is worth a million—and we all laughed with her. But the episode had a very serious side. If, as is whispered on the Rialto, Miss Rehan consented to play *Lady Garnett* only after long persuasion, surely Mr. Daly owes it to her—it would be ungrateful to say he owes it to us—to let her play the real lady of the night-gown and the candle. Mr. Sidney Herbert could perhaps be lured away from the attractions of 'igh society to play *Macbeth*. The intelligence he evidenced in *Shylock* eminently qualifies him for the part, and his lack of temperamental force, which was his chief handicap in impersonating the malignant Jew, might prove a positive qualification in acting the weak-kneed usurper. Miss Rehan is better fitted by experience and training to play difficult parts than any other American actress. She is now at the prime of her powers, has rare nobility of presence, and is the most masterly reader of blank verse we have. Unless I am mistaken in my estimate of her rendering of the more serious side of the character of *Portia*, she would make an adequate and perhaps a truly notable *Lady Macbeth*.

The Glorification of a Dime Novel.

As a play "The Great Ruby" lacks the popular and sympathetic quality of "The Ragged Earl" and melodramas like that. The audiences at Drury Lane are too sophisticated to relish true feeling in the crude; and they are not cultivated enough to recognize it when it is duly refined in expression. They belong to the dear good class of philistines which one learns to marvel at and to admire more and more. What they want is life as they know it—rapid, exciting, with all its material glamour. Give them a gorgeous silversmith's shop in Old Bond Street, with a clever and successful robbery taking place in it, a veritable balloon ascension with a fight in the balloon. That is the real thing. And the people portrayed are as real as the scenes they move in. The originals of "The Diamond Gang" are known to the British Poliece. The Indian Prince, who has been educated in cricket and other English accomplishments at Cambridge, is the counterpart of one Prince Ranjasinji, who is still famous, or was very lately, as the best batsman in the county he plays for. I have no doubt an Englishman could name you the originals of *Sir John* and *Lady Garnett*. The play is a glorification of a detective story. The people who frequent Drury Lane have the literary appreciation of a boy at the dime-novel stage, with the knowledge of the world of grown men. I do not say this in dispraise of them, or of the plays they spend their good moneys for. "The Great Ruby" is the work of two very clever men—Mr. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. Henry Hamilton (the latter of whom has lately distinguished himself by making the version of "Les Trois Mousquetaires," which Mr. Sothern and his company are presenting). It is clever in plot, brisk in action, and sometimes really witty. It is staged with the utmost perfection of carpentry. As presented at Daly's, it has the added advantage of actors who, to say the least, are fully adequate to it. The critics of New York, with at most a single exception, report that they had a good time at the play; and, to be honest, I think one has to admit that, whatever its standing as a work of art, it is altogether a very creditable monument of human ingenuity.

The Case of *Diggory*.

"Lord and Lady Algy," an "original light comedy," by R. C. Carton, which is being produced by the stock company at the Empire Theatre, is, if possible, more a success with its audiences than "The Great Ruby," and is equally successful with its critics. I find myself in the minority—perhaps I *am* the minority; I am certainly strong enough in my objections to be. The "Great Ruby," though a dime novel, is a corking good one. "The Lord and Lady Algy" is light enough, but that it is in any true sense a comedy, or in any true sense original, I deny. The situations are mainly false, and the wit is mainly false. For example, we are to suppose that the *Lord* and the *Lady* live apart because they smoke different cigarettes and back different horses; but they are presented throughout as the most reasonable and generous of people. The jests have the air of being diligently compiled from *Punch* and *The Pink Un*. As for the "original" situations, they have served on the stage from "The School for Scandal" to the present moment; it is really rather steep to give us the main situation of "The Liars" so soon again on the stage of the Empire—the situation in which the friends of a runaway couple dissuade them by artifice. The vogue of the play—it is apparently launched on a long and prosperous career—is to be explained on other than artistic grounds. The play is certainly light, which is nine points with most of us. It is varied and glittering, and is adequately acted. If it must be said that Miss Jessie Millward and Mr. William Faversham are a bit stagy in their methods, it is to be added that their methods fit the play. Above all, false as are the wit and the situations, they are in the main false to one's sense of truth, not to any natural instinct; the ending of the play is, in its way, very sweet and sympathetic. After all, we are most of us like *Diggory* with the tale of the Ould Grouse in the Gun-Room. We can't help laughing at that for the souls of us. We have laughed at that these twenty years.

JOHN CORBIN.

SAMOA

THE year 1898 witnessed many strange meetings of white-skinned men with brown and yellow and black—of English and Russians with Chinese; of Americans and Germans with Filipinos; of Anglo-Egyptians with Sudanese (mostly slain); of Rough Riders with Cuban insurgents. But the most picturesque meeting in all the year was reserved until its last day.

On December 31, Chief-Justice William Lee Chambers, a native of Georgia, held court in Apia, Samoa, and told the stalwart natives and the German and English and American residents why they should all regard Malietoa Tanu as King, instead of recognizing the rival claimant, Mataafa. The trial had lasted eleven days; Samoan genealogies, customs, titles, and practices had been examined and discussed; and finally the Chief Justice decided that Tanu, who was the son of the late King Malietoa, and who, by the gift of the people, had been endowed with the name of Malietoa, was the duly elected King. But the people chiefly affected by this decision—the Samoans themselves—look upon an election as an empty form, and it has always been their custom to settle the question of succession to the kingship by war. The adherents of Mataafa, numbering perhaps 3500 men, fairly well armed and supplied with ammunition, had been making preparations to enforce their views for some time; the loyal party could muster only about 2000 men under arms. Both factions sought foreign assistance and leadership.

Now it was quite well understood that the German, English, and American residents were bound alike by the provisions of the treaty of 1889, and that the signatory governments had agreed to accept and abide by the decision of the Chief Justice whenever such a dispute should arise; the German element, however, had become infected with the tradition of the natives, and shared their preference for the gage of battle. Englishman and American, standing shoulder to shoulder in a decidedly memorable fashion, insisted that there was a difference between right and wrong even in the South Sea Islands; and in all history is there a more entertaining situation than the German created when he drilled those naked islanders and gave them cartridges—led three or four thousand brown Fauns against Malietoa Tanu; against the Jackies of the war-ship *Porpoise;* against the decision of a judge from the State of Georgia? Such a political storm followed as the South Sea Islands generate.

The man who signalled the storm in Apia was born forty-seven years ago, practised law as a partner of Judge Clopton and Secretary Herbert, and was given his first political appointment by President Cleveland in connection with Samoan matters. A dispute had arisen in regard to land claims in Samoa, the contestants being principally Germans, and the titles derived from native chiefs. Each of the three powers sent its representative to adjust these claims four years ago—Mr. Chambers, as the American commissioner, spending two winters in Samoa, and then returning to this country, with no thought of further trans-oceanic duties. But at that time Chief-Justice Ide resigned, and as the appointment of a successor devolved upon our government, Mr. Cleveland nominated Mr. Chambers, at the request of both the German and English residents, who took that opportunity to express the favorable opinion they entertained of the commissioner's ability and character.

From the Chief Justice's account it appears that the consequences of his decision were foreseen. The partisans of the old rebel chief and of Tanu went to the court on December 31 "prepared for trouble," and he himself had "close at hand an instrument with which he was determined to do his part of the work if any trouble occurred." The United States Consul-General, Judge Osborn, and the British Consul, Mr. Moxse, accepted the decision; the German Consul-General, on the other hand, declined to accede. An hour later a meeting was held of the consuls and the captains of the English and German war-ships—our navy not being represented at Apia—when the German consul and the captain of the German man-of-war refused to recognize the new King. Two hours later the German lawyer who had appeared for Mataafa on the trial led armed troops of the Mataafa faction into the streets of the town, and the rebels were encouraged by the support of the other German officials. As an offset, Commander Sturdee, of H. M. S. *Porpoise*, sent a guard of twenty-four men, under Lieutenant Gaunt, to the residence of Mr. Chambers at five o'clock in the afternoon, and two hundred Malietoans were also detailed for his protection; but the enemy did not make an attack that night. On New-Year's morning Mr. Chambers went to the Tivoli Hotel, adjoining the English Missionary Society station, which was made a place of refuge for all British and American subjects. The fighting began at four o'clock—after the Mataafa troops, under German leadership, had secured advantageous positions and practically surrounded the Malietoans. The young King was brought to the Tivoli Hotel by a few of his chiefs.

In Samoa women carry messages in time of war; and the message brought to the Malietoa camps by Mataafa's female emissaries was of a most deceitful nature, for it was to the effect that peace had been arranged. The loyalists were thrown off their guard by this device and by a flag of truce; and about three hundred men, including one of the high chiefs, who went to a conference, were made prisoners. The justice, the King, and others were standing on the upper veranda of the hotel, watching the proceedings, and congratulating themselves that things were to be settled without fighting, when, to their amazement, the German Consul-General was seen riding up the road at the head of several hundred rebels. This was the signal for a general attack.

By the advice of the British Consul, Mr. Chambers went to the mission enclosure, which the guard from the ship was defending. The house was surrounded, but the rebels were repulsed, two having their heads cut off by the loyalists. The mission-house, where five or six hundred women and children had taken refuge, was repeatedly attacked during the night, "but no one was hurt." The guard from the ship was doubled, and these forty-eight men kept back the rebels without firing a shot.

When their ammunition was exhausted, the Malietoa chiefs notified the American and English consuls that they required protection. The chiefs were thereupon kept at the mission-house, while 1200 fighting-men escaped in their boats to the *Porpoise*.

The fighting appears to have been somewhat amateurish, but the looting which followed was masterly. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday native houses were burned and banana and taro plantations destroyed.

The rebels organized a provisional government, with President Raffel, a German, at its head, and Mr. Chambers had some difficulty in preventing this ambitious person from establishing himself in the office of Chief Justice. Mr. Chambers called on the consuls of the three governments for protection in reopening the court. The German consul refused; the United States and British consuls laid the matter before Captain Sturdee, who tendered all the force required. "I issued a notice," Mr. Chambers writes, "that the court would be opened at twelve o'clock the next day. The British consul gave notice to all American and British subjects to come on board the man-of-war before eleven o'clock, and the captain gave notice to the captain of the German ship, advising German subjects to go to places of safety, as he was determined to open fire at any time after half past eleven o'clock if my purpose of reopening the court should be resisted."

The party setting out from the war-ship to reopen the court formed a little procession. First came a boat flying the stars and stripes, next a boat flying the union-jack, and then the Chief Justice in an armed cutter commanded by Lieutenant Parker, and with twenty-eight bluejackets, each carrying a Lee-Metford rifle and forty rounds of ammunition. In the bow of the cutter was a quick-firing gun. German officials and subjects were gathered about the court-house, and President Raffel refused to deliver the keys of the building. American and British bystanders forced the doors open. The flag was raised by an Englishman, and, as it went up, the sailors saluted.

There were speeches made by the British and American consuls, and pledges were uttered and cheers were given. But presently the wealthiest and most prominent German merchant, Mr. E. A. Grevesmuhl, was caught misbehaving in a fashion that brings us back upon our suggestion that Germans in Samoa contract the native views and manners. This gentleman, for example, "went to the Supreme Court building and smashed all of its windows." Mr. Chambers fined him $100 and sentenced him to one hundred days' imprisonment; but "the same afternoon von Bulow, the German lawyer who had represented the Mataafa people in the trial, gathered a crowd of natives and made an assault on the jail, brandishing an axe and threatening to break into the jail. Clerk Denvers appeared on the scene and disarmed him. That night, at half past ten o'clock, President Raffel went to the jail and released Grevesmuhl and took him to the German consul."

Mr. Chambers seems to despair of good results under the present system of divided responsibility. "The farce cannot be continued much longer," he writes. "Either America or England must annex these islands," and he intimates that England would be willing to withdraw in our favor, so far as the responsibility goes.

From our point of view there might even be a courteous rivalry in the matter of yielding the privilege to a great and good friend.

M. W.

ILO ILO

BY JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

December 29, 1898.

ON Tuesday, December 27, the American expedition bound for Ilo Ilo, consisting of the *Newport* with the Sixth Artillery, the *Arizona* with the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry, and the *Pennsylvania* with the Iowa Volunteers, all under command of Brigadier-General Miller, sailed out of the Bay of Manila. The *Baltimore* of the United States navy acted as convoy. Admiral Dewey opposed the expedition on the ground that in order to make the movement a success it would be necessary to make more or less of a demonstration against the insurgents, and that as orders from Washington strictly enjoined any action which would antagonize the insurgents, the expedition was bound to be a failure. Wild rumors had come from Ilo Ilo through the natives, and also through Colonel Potter of the Engineer Corps, who was sent down to Ilo Ilo by the regular mail-steamer to report on the actual condition of the city. The expedition did not await his return, however, but on Wednesday the expeditionary fleet met the mail-steamer returning to Manila with Colonel Potter. There was a consultation at sea, and the colonel reported to General Miller that the Spaniards had left Ilo Ilo, and the insurgents were then in possession of the town. In spite of this news the expedition continued on its way, and towards evening the *Arizona* and the *Pennsylvania* were ordered to drop anchor six miles from Ilo Ilo, while the *Newport* and the *Baltimore* continued up to Ilo Ilo, where several of General Miller's staff went on shore to confer with the insurgent authorities, and returned without any satisfactory information. General Miller is handicapped by orders from Washington to do nothing to antagonize the insurgents. Consequently, if the insurgents declare that they will offer armed resistance to our landing troops, the general will have to take the expedition back to Manila, thereby losing prestige with the insurgents, who already think we are afraid of them. At the time of writing, a commission of the insurgents is about to visit General Miller and give him a definite answer as to whether the insurgents will receive the Americans in Ilo Ilo. I understand that they will positively refuse to allow our forces to land, unless we give assurances that the people will receive the rights of local self-government. Of course General Miller cannot give any such assurance, so that the chances are that the expedition will return to Manila again.

To manage a military occupation of these islands from Washington by cable is the height of ridiculousness. What can people in Washington know of the exigencies of the situation in the Philippines? It is not fair on the men in charge out here. Experience of all nations at all times has been to give the individual free scope in colonial matters. As it is to-day, the insurgents are gaining confidence and following, while the prestige of the United States is slowly on the decline. Either we should make no pretension at having a right to take possession of Ilo Ilo, or we should enforce our rights with unvarying decision.

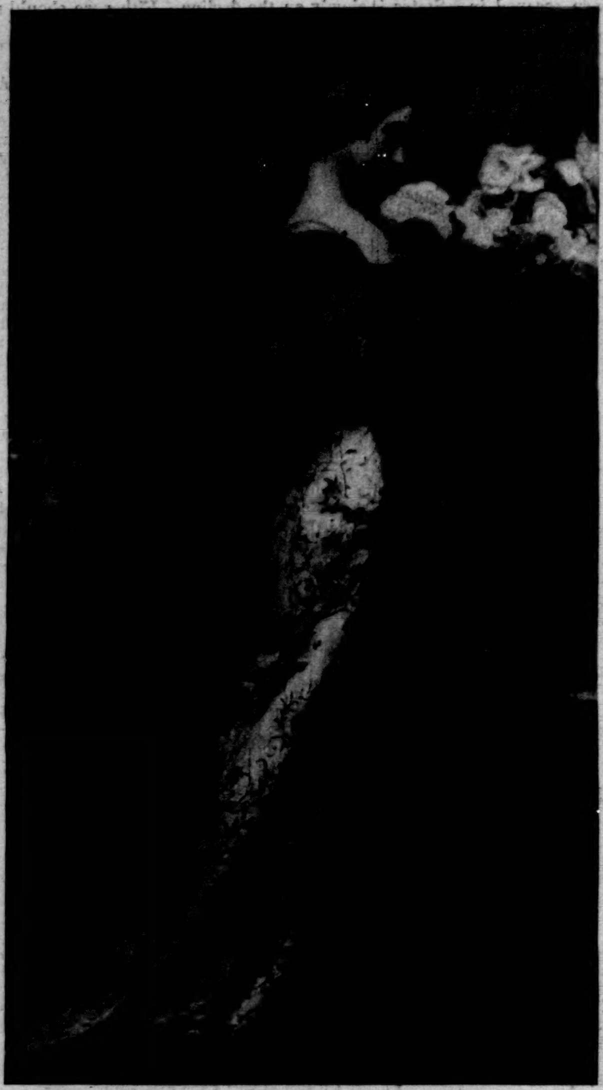
On landing in Ilo Ilo, I found the town quiet. All of the foreign inhabitants, however much they may be opposed to "nigger" rule, as they call it, are agreed in praising the insurgents for the peaceful fashion in which the latter took possession of the town. On Saturday, December 24, the Spanish troops left Ilo Ilo for Mindanao. General Rios said that it was not right that the Spanish soldiers should be killed in nightly encounters with the insurgents when the territory they were fighting for was really American. He therefore entered into agreement with the insurgents to capitulate, with the understanding that he would carry away all the government property he could. On Monday, December 26, the insurgents marched into Ilo Ilo three thousand strong, and were received in the square before the government building. Contrary to all expectation, they did not loot any portion of the town; they shut out the rabble and held strict military discipline. Two insurgent soldiers are said to have been court-martialled and shot for attempting to stab a Spaniard. The German man-of-war in the harbor took over the protection of all foreigners in the town. No troops could have behaved better than the insurgents.

The insurgent leaders have certainly the right to demand some assurance of recognition by the United States. Indeed, owing to the fact that our commanders are tied hand and foot by instructions from Washington, the United States government makes a very unsatisfactory showing in the Philippines; for no one out here can inform the insurgents what our purpose was in coming here, or what we intend to do. The fact is that no one dares to take any definite stand, for fear of the reprimand from Washington. If we had arrived three days sooner in Ilo Ilo, there would have been no difficulty. Everything we do, owing to our government's methods of meting out specific orders for every little emergency, appears to be badly done. At the moment of writing, General Miller is in conference with the insurgent chiefs. After which he will probably send for orders to Manila, and from there they will telegraph to Washington—and so red-tape and inefficiency will follow our footsteps as long as we persist in our present methods.

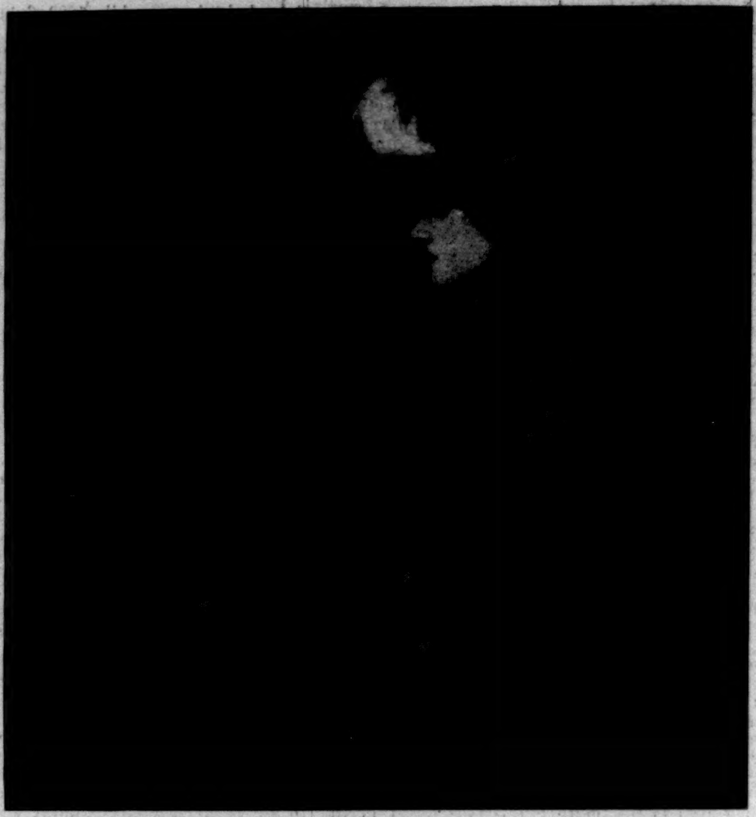
John F. Bass

THE correspondent of HARPER'S WEEKLY in the Philippines, Mr. John F. Bass, who was wounded in the attack on Caloocan, has acquired his reputation for energy and ability by work of uncommon merit.

Mr. Bass, a native of Chicago, prepared for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, and was graduated at Harvard University with the class of 1891. He went to the Greco-Turkish war as the correspondent of an English newspaper, and during that conflict distinguished himself in the manner of the genuine war-correspondents, who come into their own when difficulties thicken, and who can fight as well as write. On one occasion he was successful in leading a body of panic-stricken Greeks out of a desperate situation. On May 17, 1898, he started for Manila at the request of HARPER'S WEEKLY, going out on the first transport. His articles written on board and from the seat of war attracted most favorable notice. General Hale, in his report of the operations before Manila last August, referred to him as the only correspondent on the firing-line when our troops captured the city. It may be added that he was the first correspondent to visit Ilo Ilo; his letter written at that important port, describing the situation and predicting the present outbreak of the Filipinos, showed remarkably thorough knowledge of the influences at work and good judgment in regard to the probable course of events.

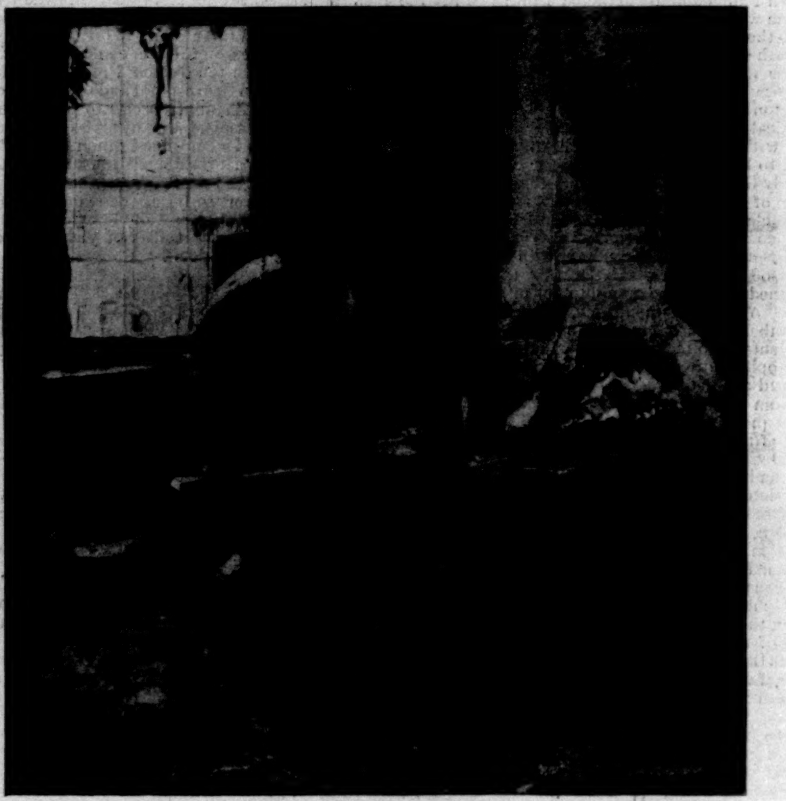


"THE GIFT OF ROSES."—Albert Herter.
Awarded the Evans Prize.

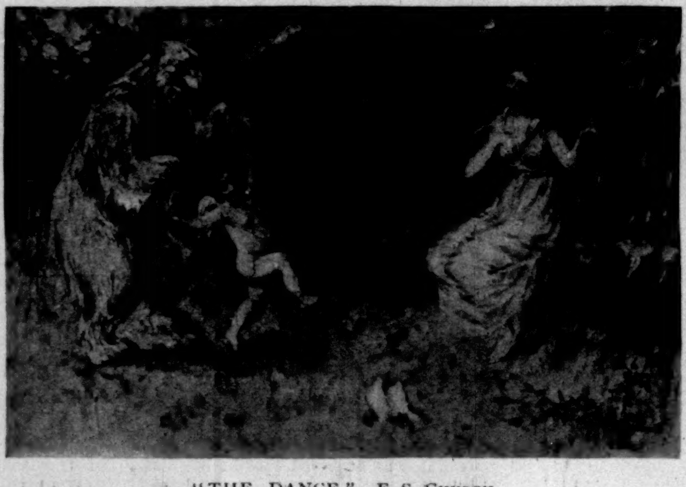


"PORTRAIT OF A LADY."—Albert E. Sterner.

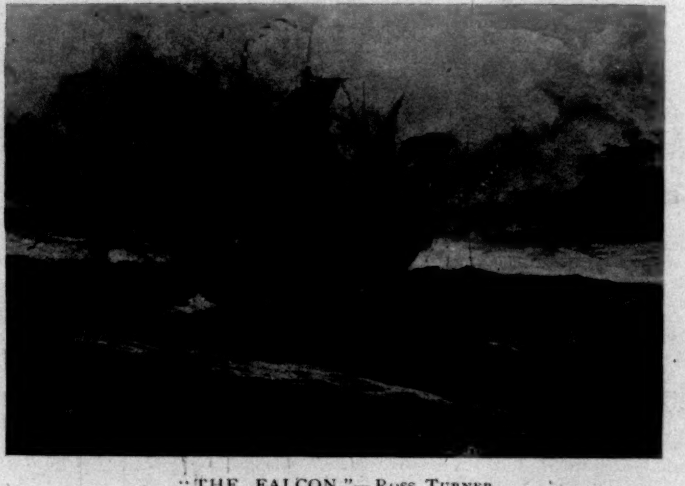
"THE ODYSSEY."—Harvey Ellis.



"THE SMITHY."—W. H. Drake.



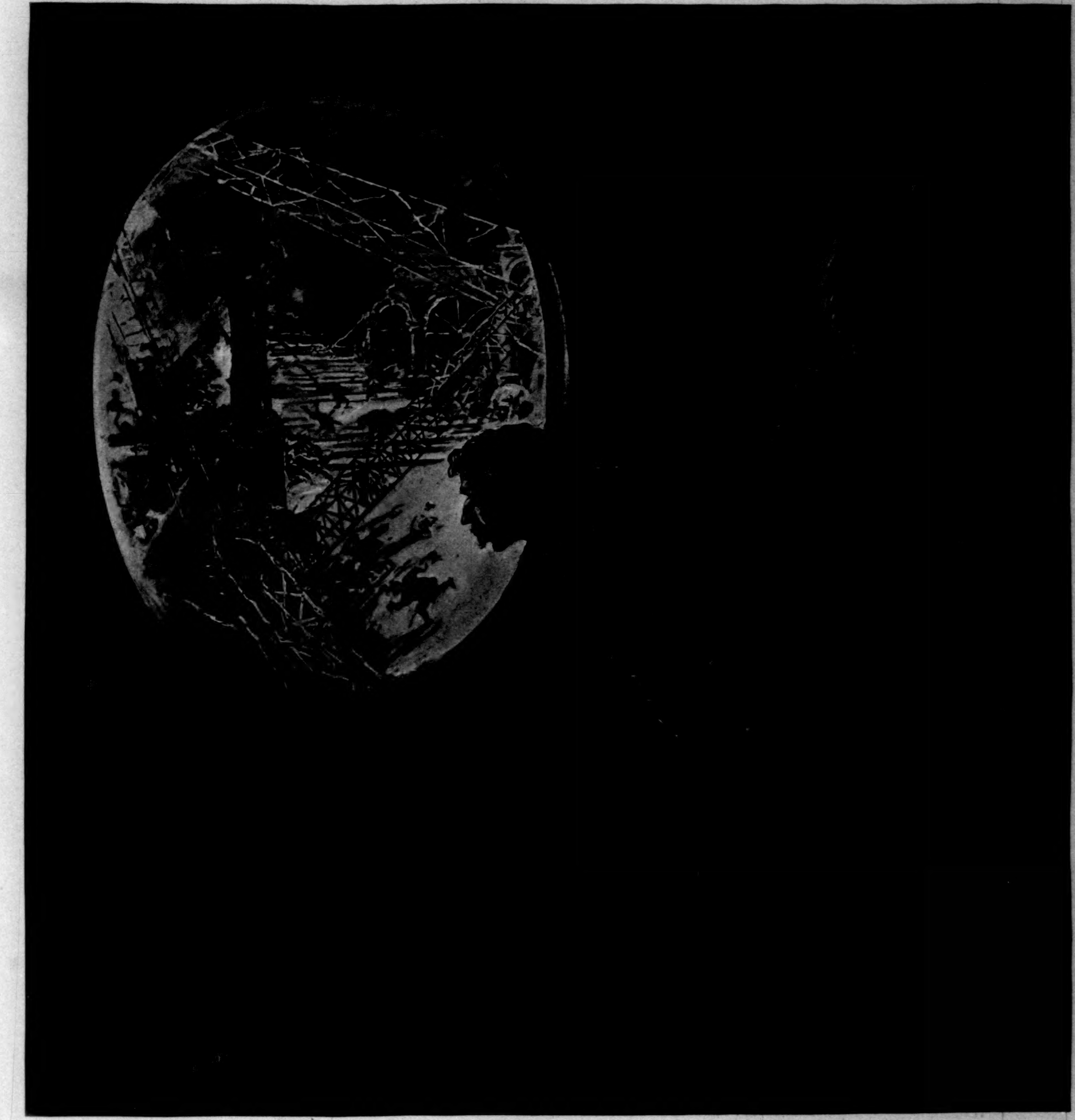
"THE DANCE."—F. S. Church.



"THE FALCON."—Ross Turner.

FROM THE THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

[See Page 201.]



When the Sleeper Wakes*

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

OSTROG.

BUT now Graham could take a clearer view of his position. For a long time yet he wandered before he could determine to seek this Ostrog, this leader and organizer of his awakening; but after the talk of the old man, his return was clear in his mind as the final inevitable decision. One thing became clear to him—those who were at the headquarters of the revolt had succeeded very admirably in suppressing the news of his disappearance. But every moment he expected to hear the news of his death or recapture by the Council.

Presently a man stopped before him. "Have you heard?" he said.

"No," said Graham, starting.

"Near a dozand," said the man; "a dozand men!" and hurried on.

A number of men and a girl passed in the darkness, gesticulating excitedly, and shouting: "Capitulated! Given up!" "A dozand of men!" "Two dozand of men!" "Goodle Ostrog!" "Goodle Ostrog!" These cries receded, became indistinct. "Goodle!" said Graham, and recognized a familiar vulgarism of his own time.

Other shouting men followed. For a time his attention was absorbed in the attempt to understand the fragments of speech he heard. He had a doubt whether all were speaking English. He dared accost no one with questions. The impression the people gave him jarred altogether with his preconceptions of the struggle, and confirmed the old man's faith in Ostrog. It was only slowly he could bring himself to believe that all these people were rejoicing at the defeat of the Council, that the Council which had pursued him with such power and vigor was, after all, the weaker of the two sides in conflict. And if that was so, how did it affect him? Several times he hesitated on the verge of fundamental questions. Once he turned and walked for a long way after a little man of rotund, inviting outline, but he was unable to master enough confidence to address him.

It was only slowly that it came to him that he might ask for the "wind-vane offices," whatever the "wind-vane offices" might be. His first inquiry simply resulted in a direction to go on towards Westminster. His second led to the discovery of a short-cut, in which he was speedily lost. He was told to leave the ways to which he had hitherto confined himself—knowing no other means of transit—and to plunge down one of the middle staircases into the blackness of a cross-way. Thereupon came some trivial adventures; chief of these an ambiguous encounter with a gruff-voiced invisible creature, speaking in a strange dialect that at first seemed a strange tongue, a thick flow of speech with the drifting corpses of English words therein, the dialect of the latter-day vile. Then another voice, a girl's voice calling, drew near. She spoke English touched with something of the same quality. She professed to have lost her sister; she blundered needlessly into him, he thought, caught hold of him, and laughed. But a word of vague remonstrance sent her into the unseen again.

Then abruptly the sound of voices increased. Other unseen stumbling people passed them, speaking excitedly: "They have surrendered!" "The Council! Surely not the Council!" "They are saying so on the ways." The passage seemed wider. Suddenly the wall fell away. They were in a great space, and people were stirring remotely. He inquired his way. "Strike straight across," said a woman's voice. He left his guiding wall, and in a moment was stumbling over a little table, on which were utensils of glass. Graham's eyes, now attuned to darkness, made out a long vista of pallid tables. He went down this. At one or two of the tables he heard a clang of glass and a sound of eating. There were people cool enough to dine, or daring enough to steal a meal, in spite of social convulsion and darkness. Far off and high up he presently saw a pallid light of a semicircular shape. As he approached this, a black edge came up and hid it. He stumbled at steps, and found himself in a gallery. He heard a sobbing, and found two scared little girls crouching by a railing. These children became silent at the near sound of feet. He tried to console them, but they were very still until he left them.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

Presently he found himself at the foot of a staircase and near a wide opening. He saw a dim twilight above this, and ascended out of the blackness into a street again. He found a disorderly swarm of people marching and shouting. He perceived they were singing snatches of the song of the revolt, most of them out of tune. Here and there torches flared, creating brief hysterical shadows. He asked his way, and was twice puzzled by that same thick dialect. His third attempt won an answer he could understand. He was two miles from the wind-vane offices in Westminster, but the way was easy to follow.

When at last he did approach the district of the wind-vane offices it seemed to him, from the cheering procession that came marching along the ways, from the tumult of rejoicing, and finally from the restoration of the lighting of the city, that the overthrow of the Council must already be accomplished. And still no news of his absence came to his ears.

The reillumination of the city came with startling suddenness. Suddenly he stood blinking, and all about him men halted dazzled, and the world was incandescent. The light found him already upon the outskirts of the excited crowds that choked the ways near the wind-vane offices, and the sense of visibility and exposure that came with the light turned his colorless intention of joining Ostrog to a keen anxiety.

For a time he was jostled, obstructed, and endangered by men hoarse with cheering his name, weary, and some of them bandaged and bloody in his cause. The frontage of the wind-vane offices was illuminated by some moving picture, but what it was he could not see, because, in spite of his strenuous attempts, the density of the crowd prevented his approaching it. From the fragments of speech he caught, he judged it conveyed news of the fighting about the Council House. Ignorance and indecision made him slow and ineffective in his movements. For a time he could not conceive how he was to get within the unbroken façade of this place, and drove helplessly with the currents of this mass of people, until he realized that the descending staircase of the central way led to the interior of the buildings. It was long before he could reach one. And even then he encountered intricate obstruction, and had an hour of vivid argument, first with this guard and then with that, before he could get a note taken to the one man of all men who was most eager to see him. His story was laughed to scorn at one place, and, wiser for that, when at last he reached a second stairway he professed simply to have news of extraordinary importance for Ostrog. What it was he would not say. They sent his note reluctantly. For a long time he waited in a little room at the foot of the lift-shaft, and thither at last came Lincoln, eager, apologetic, astonished. He stopped in the doorway, scrutinizing Graham, then rushed forward effusively.

"Yes," he cried. "It is you. And you are not dead!"

Graham made a brief explanation.

"My brother is waiting," explained Lincoln. "He is alone in the wind-vane offices. He doubted—and things are very urgent still, in spite of what we are telling them *there*—or he would have come to you."

They ascended a lift, passed along a narrow passage, crossed a great hall, empty save for two hurrying messengers, and entered a comparatively little room, whose only furniture was a sort of long settee, and a large oval disk of cloudy shifting gray hung by cables from the wall. There Lincoln left Graham for a space, and he remained alone, watching without understanding the shifty smoky shapes that drove slowly across this disk.

His attention was arrested by a sound that began abruptly. It was cheering—the frantic cheering of a vast but very remote crowd, a roaring exultation. This ended as sharply as it had begun, like a sound heard between the opening and shutting of a door. In the outer room was a noise of hurrying steps, and a clinking like a chain running over the teeth of a wheel.

Then he heard the voice of a woman, the rustle of unseen garments. "It is Ostrog!" he heard her say. A little bell rang fitfully, and then everything was still again.

Presently came voices, footsteps, and movement without. The footsteps of some one person detached themselves from the other sounds and drew near—firm, evenly measured footsteps.

The curtain lifted, and a tall white-haired man, clad in garments of cream-colored silk, stood regarding Graham.

For a moment the white form remained holding the curtain, then dropped it and stood before it. Graham's first impression was of a very broad forehead, very pale blue eyes deep sunken under white brows, an aquiline nose, and a heavily lined resolute mouth. The folds of flesh over the eyes, the drooping of the corners of the mouth, contradicted the upright bearing and said the man was old. Graham knew that this was Ostrog. He rose to his feet instinctively, and for a moment the two men stood in silence, steadfastly regarding each other.

"You are Ostrog?" said Graham.

"I am Ostrog."

"The Boss?"

"So I am called."

Graham felt the inconvenience of the silence. "I have to thank you chiefly, I understand, for my safety," he said, presently.

"We were afraid you were killed," said Ostrog, "or sent to sleep again—forever. We have been doing everything to keep our secret—the secret of your disappearance. Where have you been? How did you get here?"

Graham told him briefly.

Ostrog listened in silence.

He smiled faintly. "Do you know what I was doing when they came to tell me you had come?"

"How can I guess?"

"We were preparing your double."

"My double?"

"A man as much like you as we could find. We were going to hypnotize him, to save him the difficulty of acting. It was imperative. The whole of this revolt depends on the idea that you are awake, alive, and with us. Even now a great multitude of people is clamoring to see you. You know, of course—something of your position."

"Very little," said Graham.

"It is like this." Ostrog walked a pace or two into the room and turned. Graham watched him. "Practically," said Ostrog, "you are absolute owner of more than half of this new world into which your sleep has brought you. As a result of that you are practically King. Your powers are limited in many intricate ways, but you are the figure-head, the popular symbol of government. This White Council, the Council of Trustees, as it is called—"

"I have heard the vague outline of these things."

"I wondered."

"I came upon a garrulous old man."

"I see. Our masses—the word comes from your days—you know, of course, that we still have masses—regard you as our actual ruler. Just as a great number of people in your days regarded the Crown as the ruler. They are discontented—the masses all over the earth—with the rule of your trustees. For the most part it is the old discontent, the old quarrel of the common man with his commonness—the misery of work and discipline and unfitness. But your trustees have ruled ill. In certain matters, in the administration of the Labor Companies, for example, they have been unwise. They have given endless opportunities. Already we of the popular party were agitating for reforms—when your waking came. Came! If it had been contrived it could not have come more opportunely." He smiled. "The public mind, making no allowance for your years of quiescence, had already hit on the thought of waking you and appealing to you, and—flash!"

He indicated the outbreak by a gesture, and Graham moved his head to show that he understood.

"The Council muddled—quarrelled. They always do. They could not decide what to do with you. You know how they imprisoned you?"

"I see. I see. And now—we win?"

"We win. Indeed we win. To-night, in five swift hours. Suddenly we struck everywhere. The wind-vane people, the Labor Company and its millions, burst the bonds. We got the pull of the aëropiles."

He paused. "Yes," said Graham, guessing that aëropile meant flying-machine.

"This was, of course, essential. Or they could have got away. All the city rose; every third man, almost, was in it! All the blue, all the public services, save only just a few aeronauts and about half the red police. You were rescued, and their own police of the ways—not half of them could be massed at the Council House—have been broken up, disarmed, or killed. All London is ours—practically now. Only the Council House remains.

"Half of those who remain to them of the red police were lost in that foolish attempt to recapture you. They flung all they had at the theatre. We cut them off there. Truly to-night has been a night of victory. Everywhere your star has blazed. A day ago—the White Council ruled as it has ruled for a gross of years, for a century and a half of years, and then with only a little whispering, a covert arming here and there, suddenly—so!"

"I am very ignorant," said Graham. "I suppose—I do not clearly understand the conditions of this fighting. If you could explain. Where is the Council? Where is the fight?"

Ostrog stepped across the room; something clicked, and suddenly they were in darkness, save for an oval glow. For a moment Graham was puzzled.

Then he saw that the cloudy gray disk had taken depth and color; had assumed the appearance of an oval window looking out upon a strange, unfamiliar scene.

At the first glance he was unable to guess what this scene might be. It was a daylight scene; the daylight of a wintry day, gray and clear. Across the picture, and half-way, as it seemed, between him and the remoter view, a stout cable of twisted white wire stretched vertically. Then he perceived that the rows of great wind-wheels he saw, the wide intervals, the occasional gulfs of darkness, were akin to those through which he had fled from the Council House. He distinguished an orderly file of red figures marching across an open space between files of men in black, and realized before Ostrog spoke that he was looking down, as it were, on the upper surface of latter-day London. The overnight snows had gone. He judged that this mirror was some modern replacement of the camera-obscura; but that matter was not explained to him. He saw that though the file of red figures was trotting from left to right, yet it was passing out of the picture to the left. He wondered momentarily, and then saw that the picture was passing slowly, panorama fashion, across the oval.

"In a moment you will see the fighting," said Ostrog at his elbow. "Those fellows in red you notice are prisoners. This is the roof space of London—all the houses are practically continuous now. The streets and public spaces are covered in. The gaps and chasms of your time have disappeared."

Something out of focus obliterated half the picture. Its form suggested a man. There was a gleam of metal, a flash, something that swept across the oval as the eyelid of a bird sweeps across its eye, and the picture was clear again. And now Graham beheld men running down among the wind-wheels, pointing weapons, from which jetted out little smoky flashes. They swarmed thicker and thicker to the right, gesticulating—it might be they were shouting, but of that the picture told nothing. They and the wind-wheels passed slowly and steadily across the field of the mirror.

"Now," said Ostrog, "comes the Council House," and slowly a black edge crept into view and gathered Graham's attention. Soon it was no longer an edge, but a cavity, a huge blackened space amidst the clustering edifices, and from it thin spires of smoke rose into the pallid winter sky. Gaunt ruinous masses of building, mighty truncated piers and girders, rose dismally out of this cavernous darkness. And over these vestiges of some splendid place countless minute men were clambering, leaping, swarming.

"This is the Council House," said Ostrog. "Their last stronghold. And the fools wasted enough ammunition to hold out for a month in blowing up the buildings all about them—to stop our attack. You heard the smash? It shattered half the brittle glass in the city."

And while he spoke, Graham saw that beyond this area of ruins, overhanging it and rising to a great height, was a ragged mass of white building. Apparently this mass had been isolated by the ruthless destruction of its surroundings. Black gaps marked the passages the disaster had torn apart; big halls had been slashed open, and the decoration of their interiors showed dismally in the wintry dawn, and down the jagged walls hung festoons of divided cables and twisted ends of lines and metallic rods. And amidst all the vast details moved little red specks, the red-clothed defenders of the Council. Every now and then faint flashes illuminated the bleak shadows. At the first sight it seemed to Graham that an attack upon this isolated white building was in progress, but then he perceived that the party of the revolt was not advancing, but apparently sheltering amidst the colossal wreckage that encircled this last ragged stronghold of the red-garbed men.

And not ten hours ago he had stood beneath the ventilating-fans in a little chamber within that remote building wondering what was happening in the world!

Looking more attentively as this warlike episode moved silently across the centre of the mirror, Graham saw that the white building was surrounded on every side by ruins, and Ostrog proceeded to describe in concise phrases how its defenders had sought by such destruction to isolate themselves from a storm. He spoke of the loss of men that huge downfall had entailed in an indifferent tone. He indicated an improvised mortuary among the wreckage, showed ambulances swarming like cheese-mites along a ruinous groove that had once been a street of moving ways. He was more interested in pointing out the parts of the Council House, the distribution of the besiegers. In a little while the civil contest that had convulsed London was no longer a mystery to Graham. It was no tumultuous revolt that occurred that night, no equal warfare, but a splendidly organized *coup d'état*. Ostrog's grasp of details was astonishing; he seemed to know the business of even the smallest knot of black and red specks that crawled amidst these places.

He stretched a huge black arm across the luminous picture, and showed the room whence Graham had escaped, and across the chasm of ruins the course of his flight. Graham recognized the gulf across which the gutter ran, and the wind-wheels where he had crouched from the flying-machine. The rest of his path had succumbed to the explosion. He looked again at the Council House, and it was already half hidden, and on the right a hill-side with a cluster of domes and pinnacles amidst the ubiquitous wind-wheels—hazy, dim, and distant—was gliding into view.

"And the Council is really overthrown?" he said.

"Overthrown," said Ostrog.

"And I— Is it indeed true that I—?"

"You are Master of the World."

"But that white flag—"

"That is the flag of the Council—the flag of the Rule of the World. It will fall. The fight is over. Their attack on the theatre was their last frantic struggle. They have only a thousand men or so, and some of these men will be disloyal. They have little ammunition. And we are reviving the ancient arts. We are casting guns."

"But—help. Is this city the world?"

"Practically this is all they have left to them of their empire. Abroad, the cities have either revolted with us or wait the issue. Your awakening has perplexed them, paralyzed them."

"But haven't the Council flying-machines? Why is there no fighting with those?"

"They had; but the greater part of the aeronauts were in it with us. They wouldn't take the risk of fighting with us, but they would not stir against us. We had to get a pull with the aeronauts. Quite half were with us, and the others knew it. As soon as they knew you had got away, those that were out looking for you dropped. We hung the man who shot at you an hour ago. And we occupied the flying-stages at the outset in every city we could, and so stopped and captured the aeroplanes; and as for the little flying machines that turned out—for some did—we kept up too straight and steady a fire for them to get near the Council House. If they dropped they couldn't rise again, because there's no clear space about there for them to get up. Several we have smashed; several others have dropped and surrendered; the rest have gone off to the Continent to find a friendly city, if they can, before their fuel runs out. Most of these men were only too glad to be taken prisoner and kept out of harm's way. Upsetting in a flying-machine isn't a very attractive prospect. There's no chance for the Council that way. Its days are done."

He laughed, and turned to the oval reflection again to show Graham what he meant by flying-stages. Even the four nearer ones were remote, and obscured by a thin morning haze. But Graham could perceive they were very vast structures, judged even by the standard of the things about him.

And then, as these dim shapes passed to the left, there came again the sight of the expanse across which the disarmed men in red had been marching. And then the black ruins, and then again the beleaguered white fastness of the Council. It appeared no longer a ghostly pile, but glowing amber in the sunlight, for a cloud shadow had passed. About it the pygmy struggle still hung in suspense, but now the red defenders were no longer firing.

So, in the dusky stillness, the man from the nineteenth century saw the closing scene of the great revolt, the forcible establishment of his rule. With a quality of startling discovery it came to him that this was his world, and not that other he had left behind; that this was no spectacle to culminate and cease; that in this world lay whatever life was still before him, lay all his duties and dangers and responsibilities. He turned with fresh questions. Ostrog began to answer them, and then broke off abruptly. "But these things I must explain more fully later. At present there are things to do. The people are coming by the moving ways towards this ward from every part of the city—the markets and theatres are densely crowded. You are just in time for them. They are clamoring to see you. And abroad they want to see you. Paris, New York, Chicago, Denver, Capri—thousands of cities are up and in a tumult, undecided, and clamoring to see you."

"But surely—I can't go."

Ostrog answered from the other side of the room, and the picture on the oval disk paled and vanished as the light jerked back again. "There are kineto-tele-photographs," he said. "As you bow to the people here, all over the world myriads of myriads of people, packed and still in darkened halls, will see you also. In black and white, of course—not like this. And you will hear their shouts re-enforcing the shouting in the hall.

"There is an optical contrivance," said Ostrog, "used by some of the posturers and women dancers. It may be novel to you. You stand in a very bright light, and they see not you, but a magnified real image of you thrown on a screen—so that even the furtherest man in the remotest gallery can count your eyelashes."

Graham clutched desperately at one of the questions in his mind. "What is the population of London?" he said.

"Eight and twaindy myriads."

"Eight and what?"

"More than thirty-three millions."

These figures went beyond Graham's imagination.

"You will be expected to say something," said Ostrog. "Not what you used to call a Speech, but what our people call a Word—just one sentence, six or seven words. Something formal. If I might suggest—'I have awakened and my heart is with you.' That is what they want."

"What was that?" asked Graham.

"'I am awakened, and my heart is with you.' And bow—bow royally. But first we must get you black robes—for black is your color. Do you mind? And then they will disperse to their homes."

Graham hesitated. "I am in your hands," he said.

Ostrog was clearly of that opinion. He thought for a moment, turned to the curtain, and called brief directions to some unseen attendants. Almost immediately a black robe, the very fellow of the black robe Graham had worn in the theatre, was brought. And as he threw it about his shoulders there came, from the room without, the shrilling of a high-pitched bell. Ostrog turned in interrogation to the attendant, then suddenly seemed to change his mind, pulled the curtain aside, and disappeared.

For a moment Graham stood with the deferential attendant listening to his retreating steps. There was a sound of quick question and answer, and footsteps running. The curtain was snatched back, and Ostrog reappeared, his massive face glowing with excitement. He crossed the room in a stride, clicked the room into darkness, and came and gripped Graham's arm.

"Even as we turned away," he said.

Graham saw his index finger, black and colossal, pointing to the Council House that was gliding slowly into the field of view once more. For a moment he did not understand. And then he perceived that the flag-staff that had carried the white banner was bare.

"Do you mean—?" he began.

"The Council has surrendered. Its rule is at an end for evermore."

"Its rule is at an end for evermore."

"Look!" said Ostrog, and pointed to a coil of black that crept in little jerks up the vacant flag-staff, unfolding as it rose.

The oval picture paled as Lincoln pulled the curtain aside and entered.

"They are clamorous," he said.

Ostrog kept his grip of Graham's arm.

"We have raised the people," he said. "We have given them arms. For to-day at least their wishes must be law."

Lincoln held the curtain open for Graham and Ostrog to pass through.

On his way to the markets Graham had a transitory glance of a long narrow white-walled room, in which men in the universal blue canvas were carrying covered things like biers, and about which men in medical purple hurried to and fro. From this room came groans and wailing. He had an impression of an empty blood-stained couch, of men on other couches, bandaged and blood-stained. It was just a glimpse from a railed footway, and then a buttress hid the place, and they were going on towards the markets.

The roar of the multitude was near now: it leaped to thunder. And, arresting his attention, a fluttering of black banners, the waving of blue canvas and brown rags, and the swarming vastness of the theatre near the public markets came into view down a long passage. The picture opened out. He perceived they were entering the great theatre of his first appearance, and which he had last seen a chequer-work of glare and blackness when he had fled from the red police. This time he entered it along a gallery at a level high above the stage. The place was now brightly lit again. He sought the gangway up which he had fled, but he could not tell it from among its dozens of fellows; nor could he see anything of the smashed seats, deflated cushions, and such-like traces of the fight, because of the density of the people. Except the stage, the whole place was closely packed; and looking down, the effect was a vast area of stippled pink, each dot a still, upturned face regarding him. At his appearance with Ostrog the cheering died away, the singing died away—a common interest stilled and unified the disorder. It seemed as though every individual of those myriads was watching his progress.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

TOBACCO-CULTURE

MORE tobacco was exported from Puerto Rico in 1828, by nearly two hundred thousand pounds, than in 1896, and in 1846 there were shipped abroad 6,693,900 pounds, or over three times the amount exported in 1896. For seventy years the amount of tobacco exported has been surprisingly uniform, usually between the two and three million pound mark, with now and then a year like 1846, which blossomed into promise of a future for tobacco, when the crop has doubled or trebled that of preceding years. These increases have been sporadic and far apart, being accounted for usually by shortage of Cuban crops.

It is exceedingly difficult to find a solution for the non-progressiveness of this commodity, which is grown so well and so easily on the island. The explanation lies possibly in several directions: First, the rapid increase of tobacco-culture in Cuba, and the world-wide attention called to a particularly fine leaf, grown, however, only in a very restricted area, which soon made Havana tobacco famous. It was not until the forties that Cuba rapidly strode ahead of Puerto Rico in her annual exportations, and since then the latter has been completely eclipsed, if not almost forgotten, in tobacco-raising. Second, in the early days, as well as to-day, the peasant almost exclusively raised the entire crop on the island in meagre patches of from a quarter of an acre to several acres, mortgaging his crop beforehand to the shopkeepers and petty dealers. The landed proprietors and capitalists, with curious conservatism, preferred to risk their all in sugar and coffee, preferably buying their manufactured tobacco from the expert cigar-makers of Cuba and the Peninsula, rather than fostering and promoting the poor home industry. Hence, in all time, excepting possibly the last few years, the manufactured products of tobacco in Puerto Rico have been execrable, the work unskilled and slovenly, while the leaf itself has been raised by careless hands, eaten by insects, badly cured, and improperly packed.

The increasing demand for Havana tobacco has excluded Puerto Rico from the foreign tobacco marts, and the premium set on Cuban-grown tobacco has been so great that not only have her entire crops sold at high figures, but to meet the growing commercial preferment she has for decades imported the bulk of the Puerto-Rican raising, branding it with that magic word Havana. Spain has been the second great buyer, the heaviest in quantity, but not in quality; and, in fact, between them they absorb the tobacco crop, leaving a few hundred thousand pounds in some years for Germany, and a few thousands for Italy and France.

The United States smokes its Puerto-Rican tobacco through Havana. It is more expensive, but the label increases the flavor some fifty per cent. Only in exceptional years, during Cuba's struggle for liberty, and the concomitant restriction and destruction of her tobacco, have we imported any from Puerto Rico, and then only to the amount of a few thousand pounds. We have returned to the island in manufactured tobacco many times the valuation of her exports to us.

Cuban tobacco-growers would probably insist that the suggestions advanced are not vital in retarding the tobacco industry, and that the real explanation lies in the poorer quality of the tobacco grown in Puerto Rico. However, with a leaf as fine to-day as Havana's, Puerto Rico could not compete until her reputation had been much advanced and solidly built up.

They do not grow as good tobacco on the little island as on the greater. That they *can* grow it, there can be no doubt. The soil and the climate both favor this assertion, but until such time as careful methods of cultivation, handling, curing, and manufacturing shall prevail, and the growing be done on large estates in a scientific manner, the quality of the tobacco will be lower, and the surplus product necessarily be controlled and sold at a low price set by the consumers.

The change of island ownership will perforce cause the current of the crop—both raw and manufactured—to set towards America's shores, and if our government legislates for open markets a sharp impetus will be given to the manufacture of cigars, cigarettes, and smoking-tobacco on the island, which will redound to the financial benefit of its people. As an argument in favor of such a course, it may be said that it is generally conceded that finer cigars may be manufactured in the humid atmosphere of the tropics than in more northern, drier regions, where much of the pristine flavor and aroma is lost.

The following table may be of interest, showing the exportation of tobacco from 1828 to 1896, giving some maximum and minimum years:

	Amount.	Total Value.	Price per Pound.
	Pounds.		
1828	2,396,500		
1842	6,693.900		
1847	2,270,600		
1852	5,807,000		
1853	2,099,500		
1887	6,924.000	$1,125,770	15.7c.
1894	3,369,616	619,474	18c.
1896	2,219,907	408,110	18c.

EXPORTED TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

	1894.		1895.	
	Pounds.	Value.	Pounds.	Value.
Spain	2,378,573	$437,280	1,375,751	$252,920
Cuba	580,256	106,675	2,160,347	397,161
Other countries	410,787	75,519	128,953	23,706
Total	3,369,616	$619,474	3,665,051	$673,787

Spain has, in the aggregate, been much the heaviest purchaser of Puerto-Rican tobacco, but in years that the Cuban crop has been small Cuba has purchased everything in sight, and the Spanish sales have fallen off as illustrated in the last table.

The apparent rise and fall in the size of the island tobacco crop, as illustrated in the preceding tables, does not, in the writer's estimation, indicate any great excess or decrease in the acreage planted; neither does it point to a failure in certain years of the crop, as the average exportation for many consecutive years is rather uniformly low. The answer is found in the fact that in years when there is exceptional demand for the tobacco almost the entire crop is sold abroad, and in the years of small demand the surplus is largely consumed at home.

There are no statistics by which one may arrive at any conclusion as to the annual quantity of tobacco raised, but island tobacco-dealers estimate the crop at from eight to twelve million pounds, and a few somewhat higher. As the use of tobacco is almost universal, the local consumption of the five to eight million pounds gross weight which would remain after deducting the average export, by a population of a million, is not excessively high.

On the crowning round-knobbed crests of the lesser hills, and surrounded by the guava-trees or bananas which screen them from the wind, little patches of close-growing tobacco, sprouted from the seed, may be seen almost anywhere on the island during the months from July to November. It is here in these primitive hot-beds, which catch the first and last rays of a summer sun, that the life of the coming tobacco-plant first germinates.

Early in November the great green hills, which reach far up toward the sky, overrun by creeping vines and the general luxuriance of plant life run wild, slowly bare themselves to sombre brown under the laborious attacks of groups of ragged white-clad peasants, armed with broad-edged hoes. It is a pretty sight for the traveller who may pass across the land over the great military highway, this agricultural panorama, stretched out perhaps so far from him that the landscape becomes a map with manikins in white, mere specks moving on the earth. 'Way over there, across a rare deep valley, is a charging army in a thin and straggling line; behind them, down the steep slope, is clean bare soil, sprinkled with little rubbish bonfires, whose white smoke curls upward in the lazy air, while in front of them is the barricade of green, eaten away foot after foot by the heavy hoe and gleaming machete. The sharp-edged height is their objective point.

On the opposite side of the hill another army of workers creep up to the same objective, and when they meet on the mañana possibly there will be a war of cigarettes, for the cleaning of the field is done, and it is ready for the planting of the baby tobacco.

The great tobacco-field is of rare occurrence, and found nowhere except in the Cayey district, on the military road, which holds the prestige for high-grade leaf of fine color, softness, fragrance, and combustibility. The greater part of the tobacco is still grown by the peasants in little patches. At Cayey, however, in the last few years, a number of energetic men have gone in for tobacco-culture on a large scale, and the prompt return in richer tobacco, handled yet too primitively, pays a tribute to the possibilities of the soil, and promises an immense future for the backers.

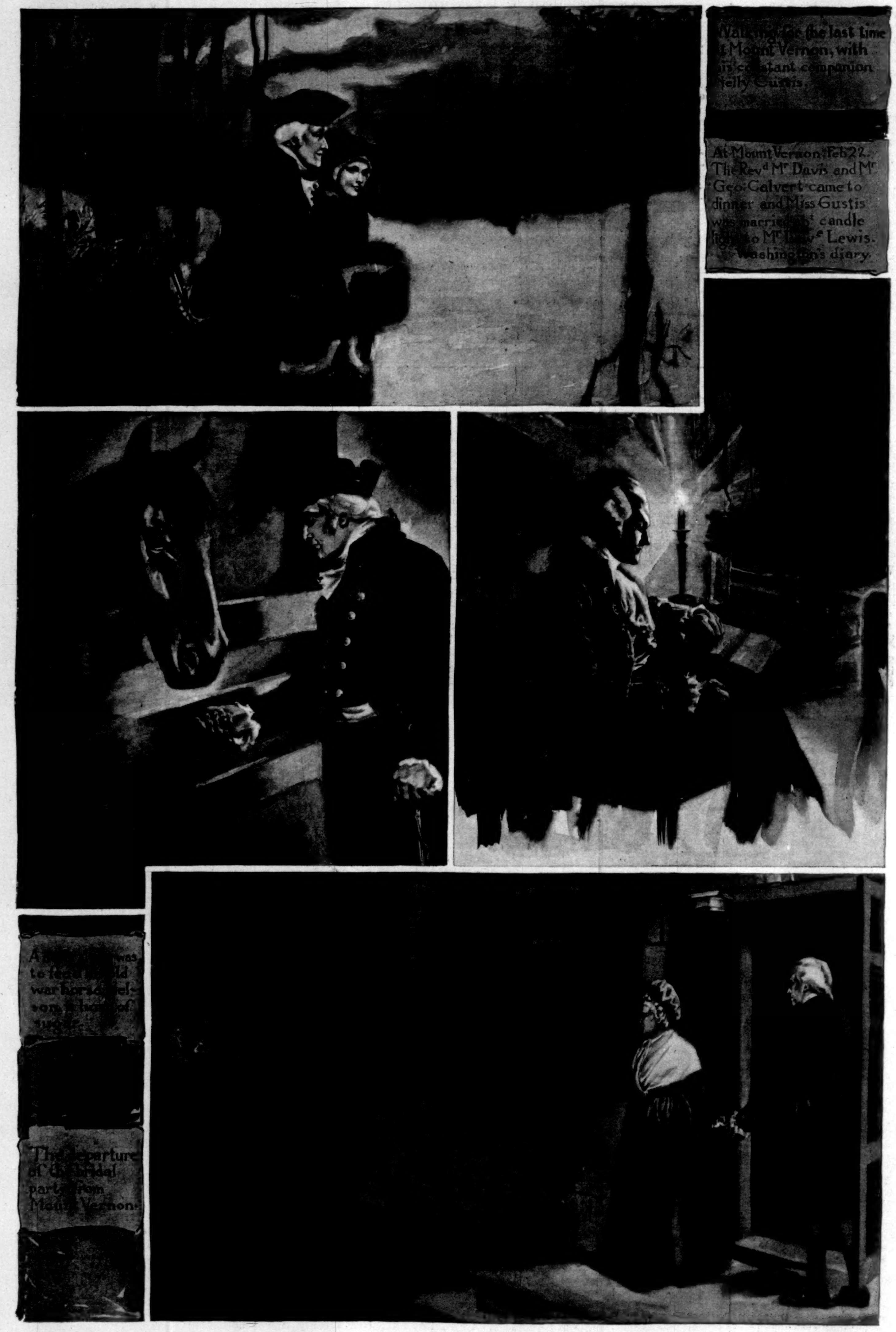
The land before planting is made soft and mellow, and drawn into high ridges with gutters or drains between. Each young plant is set two feet away from its neighbor, and the youngsters which die under the galling sun are replaced by vigorous ones, until the entire field is alive with growing plants.

The best lands are considered by some to be those of the low-lying foot-hills, near the narrow valley levels, and beneath and protected by the more rugged mountain ranges; but there is a very limited amount of such land made by the disintegration of the massive limestones and fertilized by the decaying vegetable matter of the upper slopes; consequently the higher ridges are resorted to and cultivated to their very tops. Where the growing tobacco is fairly protected from constant winds and secures plenty of warm sunshine, the matured plant returns a beautiful leaf, and the differences which exist between the top and bottom of ridges are marked in the varying quality of the tobacco, that at the top being a rougher, darker leaf, while that at the base is thin, and good for wrapper.

By March, or the middle of that month, the tobacco is ready for its first cutting. Before this time arrives there has been much work done on a tobacco-field. Weeds must never be allowed to spring up; the leaves of the growing plants must be examined for the eggs of cutworms, and the pests themselves, which must be killed promptly; the budding flower-stalks must be cut off so that the leaves will grow larger, and the small defective leaves are often taken away for the benefit of the plant. It is for the lack of this constant care that so much black, spotted, thick-leaved tobacco appears in the markets of Puerto Rico. The lower leaves of the ripening plant are first taken when they begin to get their yellow color; following this are two other pickings, and sometimes a third, until the plant is stripped bare. The first leaves are usually the finest, thinnest, and of the best color, being used for cigar-wrappers principally, while the last are small, thick, and rough, and serve only for filler or cigarettes.

The weakest side of tobacco-culture on the island manifests itself in the methods pursued in drying. Long, low, open sheds on the hill-sides and in the fields themselves serve for this purpose, being built lengthwise down the hill, in many instances, that the air may draw through them like a chimney. These buildings are a very inadequate shelter from the weather, and much tobacco, which might otherwise be good, is allowed to deteriorate by a drying process through prolonged periods of time, dependent upon the sequences of dry periods in a climate of prevailing moisture. Artificial heat will probably be found in the future to be the only safe and perfect method by which fine leaf may be dried in this constantly humid atmosphere.

Forty days is considered the proper length of time to cure the tobacco, and as many planters follow this rule, without regard to what the weather may have been during the interim, there is a marked difference from year to year in the quality of the tobacco grown by the same man. At the end of this time it is placed in huge piles



Walking for the last time at Mount Vernon, with his constant companion Nelly Custis.

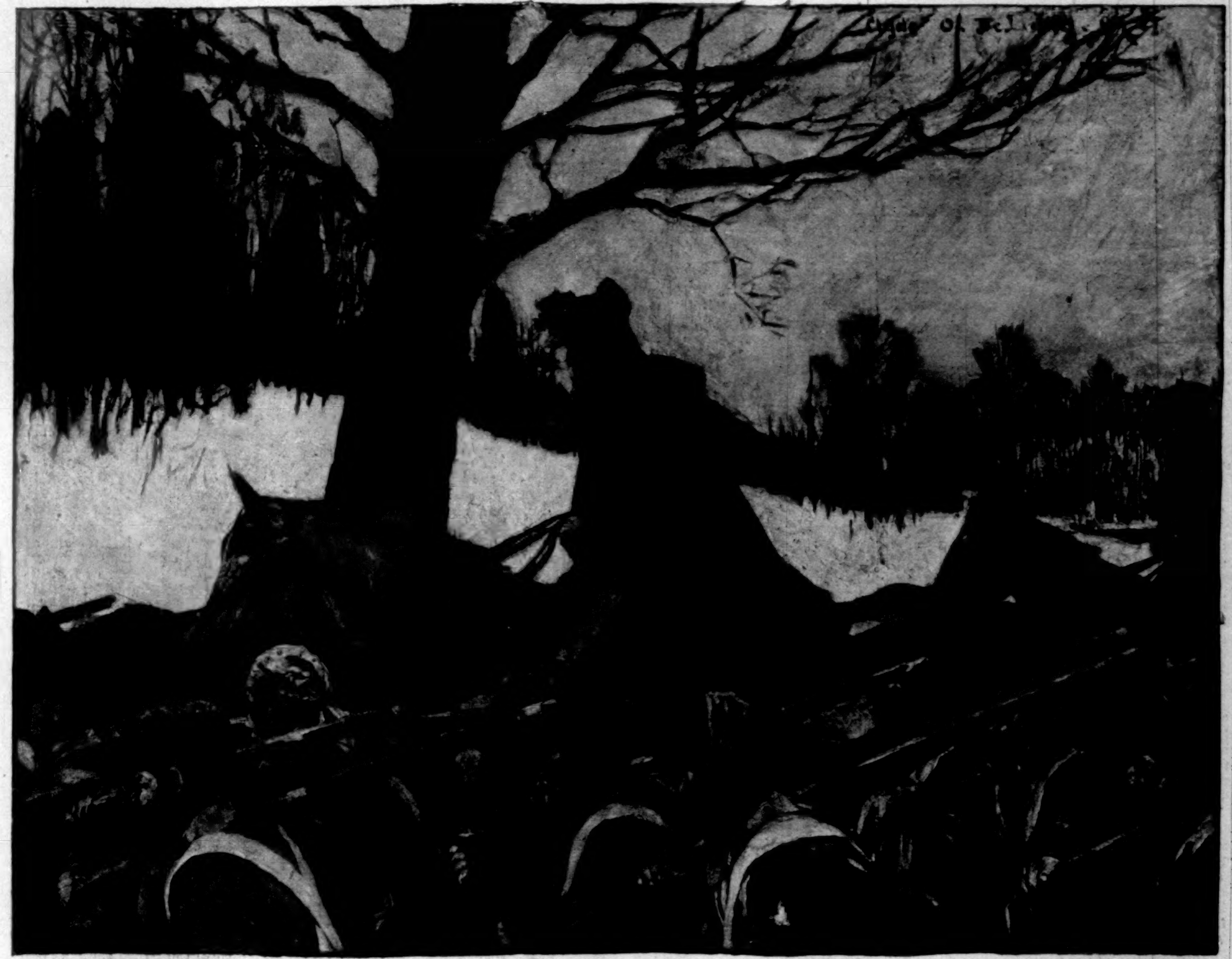
At Mount Vernon, Feb 22. The Rev^{d} M^{r} Davis and M^{r} Geo: Calvert came to dinner and Miss Custis was married ab^{t} candle light to M^{r} Law^{e} Lewis.
Washington's diary.

A [illegible] was to feed the old war horse Nelson a lump of sugar.

The departure of the bridal party from Mount Vernon.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO—THE LAST BIRTHDAY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 22, 1799.

DRAWN BY E. P. UPJOHN.



The Old Tree's Story.

Recently the old historic tree that overlooked the Morris Turnpike on the Bishop Hobart estate at Summit, New Jersey, was cut down.—*Note in morning paper.*

IN the storm
I waved and bent,
Till my form
Was almost rent,
Long before old Bishop Hobart
Sat beneath my leafy tent.
Oh, I flourished by the way-side full two centuries ago,
But the axe has come at last and laid my mossy branches low.

Once I waved my arms on high
When I saw the banner fly
As his highness General Washington
Went riding proudly by
At the head of all his troopers, who were trudging through the snow,
Badly battered,
Sadly tattered,
But their faces all aglow
With a set determination to annihilate the Crown,
As they marched beneath my branches on the way to Morristown.

Oh, I feel the music still
All my spirit madly thrill
When I think of all those troopers
Trudging slowly up the hill.
And the General before them, sitting proudly on his horse,
Thinking of the fight at Springfield, smiled triumphantly, of course.
And I fondly bowed to him,
Full of joy in every limb.
As I watched his army fading
In the distance blue and dim,
All my branches sang a song:
I would like to go along
With those fighters,
Who'll be righters
Of a black and shameful wrong.
Oh, I glimmered
And I shimmered
With a patriotic thought,
For I loved the gallant leader
And the cause for which he fought;
And I wanted to become
Sticks to play upon the drum,
And the poles to hold the colors
In the battle's heat and hum—
I'd be sticks to call the rolls,
And I'd be the happy poles
High to wave the dear old banner
When it's torn with bullet-holes;
But the soldiers went without me, and I watched them out of sight,
With the drums a-loudly rolling and the muskets shining bright.
But I felt I wore the crown
Of perennial renown
When they marched beneath my branches
On the way to Morristown.

Oft and oft I've told the story to the hosts of little trees
That have popped up all around me—happy children at my knees;
I have sung it in the storm-wind, and when all was calm and still,
Till it's gone 'way down to Springfield and 'way up to Bottle Hill.
I have sung it till the birds
In my branches knew the words,
And they sung them to the flowers
As they sung them to the herds.
But my greatness has departed, and where once I waved and smiled
They have cut me into cord-wood, and in rows I'm rudely piled;
But my spirit haunts the region, and when all my mossy logs
Gayly sputter
With a flutter
On the shining iron dogs,
In the embers I will glisten by a meadow wide and still,
And a road beneath my branches will go winding up a hill,
And I'll murmur and I'll hum
To the tattoo of a drum,
And I'll tingle as I tingled
When I saw the soldiers come
On a happy bygone day
In their regimentals gay—
And, upon his white horse, Washington
Will proudly lead the way
In a light and jaunty manner to the drummer's rat tat tat,
With a sword upon his shoulder and a feather in his hat,
While, joy-thrilled from root to crown,
I'll on him look fondly down
As I cheer him and his troopers
On the way to Morristown.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

and allowed to "sweat," which process gives the leaf its final color and makes it soft and pliant.

The growers of tobacco all carelessly bale their product in burlaps, and one never sees the careful handling of fine tobacco so prevalent in the western province of Cuba.

The price of good tobacco land ranges from fifty to one hundred dollars Spanish, though the contemplative purchaser, unless he be exceedingly diplomatic, will be asked a much higher price at the first conference.

Field laborers can be had in numbers for fifty centavos a day. Some of the large growers are in the habit of giving their field hands, during the clearing and planting season, besides this amount of money, two very frugal meals a day.

There are representative tobacco buyers and exporters in all the large coast towns, the more prominent being in San Juan, Ponce, and Mayaguez, in the order named.

Only a small percentage of the tobacco exported is manufactured, as pointed out. Havana and Spain in the past have been the principal purchasers, and in both these countries the leaf is made into cigars and cigarettes at home, the Cuban importation finding its way ultimately to the United States as Havana cigars, which are sold at a lower price than locally grown Havana leaf, while in Spain it is known as Puerto-Rican tobacco, and used as such, though even there the prejudice in favor of Havana tobacco causes many manufacturers to disguise it with the mystic name.

Rich Puerto-Ricans in the past largely imported their fine cigars and cigarettes from Cuba, but within recent years, since the introduction of more skilful cigar-makers and cigarette machines, this practice has been almost discontinued, and to-day the native tobacco connoisseur is not only satisfied with his home product, but will assure you that quite as fine tobacco can be raised and just as perfect cigars made on the island as in Cuba.

This will not voice the sentiment of the casual visitor to the island, for the vast bulk of the cigars which are sold to and consumed by the native population are vile in the extreme. However, they are correspondingly low in price. The cheapest, green, badly hand-rolled, and wrapped with heavy coarse black tobacco, sell as low as fifty cents, American, a hundred, and range from this upward to the ordinary cigar used by the average clerk and shopkeeper, which brings a dollar and a half to two dollars and a half a hundred. Really good cigars, though too green and strong for the American taste, sell for three to five dollars a hundred, American money. These last-named cigars, when given time to age and dry, would sell readily in the United States for two for a quarter and five for a dollar. They are well made, burn perfectly with a clear white ash, and are pleasing in color and fragrance.

There is a very limited output of yet finer cigars selling as high as twelve dollars a hundred at the manufactory. These are made with the utmost care, from the rare fine leaf, and wrapped singly in tin-foil. It is doubtful if any Havana-grown tobacco can greatly exceed this particular brand.

The centralization of employees in tobacco factories is practically unknown. There are perhaps, all told, half a dozen houses which might be dignified by the title of tobacco factories, but the major portion of the manufacturing is done in the homes of the laborers, who carry the leaf to their shanties, do the work, and return the finished product to the owner. This system is open to serious condemnation, as the homes of the laborers are usually in an extremely unsanitary condition. It is no uncommon sight to see a man seated at a bench, in a house of a single room, rolling cigars from a stock which lies on the dirty floor beside him, while his houseful of children tumble over each other in youthful abandon, or idly stir the green scums of stagnant pools before the door, and then, in all innocence, trample a few million bacteria into the tobacco with their pattering bare feet.

Another universal habit which tends to make a man swear off is the final licking given to the drawing end of the cigar between the moist lips of the workman. It is a detestable—nay, an almost vicious—operation, when one stops to consider that among these people lurks a loathsome hereditary disease, which may be readily transmitted to the smoker by the use of this infected cigar. This practice should be stopped by stringent legislation, as it was in some of our own States years ago.

At Cayey, where the best cigars are made, are clustered a number of establishments, but none of them employs more than a dozen men, and the largest output from a single place is about three thousand cigars a day. Every cigar is hand-made; the mould is unknown in the island. Each man selects his filler and binder, cuts his wrapper, and makes a complete cigar. There are very few really skilful cigar-makers, though in one factory in Cayey a few clever men make a great variety of shapes, and those of the most approved form.

The classifying and assorting of cigars by color is very defective, and a source of irritation to the buyer, as a box marked "claro" may have all shades packed within, from the lightest to the "oscuro." It has also militated against securing a permanent and high-priced market. During the past few years more attention has been paid to this side of the business, and a few men are turning out a fairly uniform cigar.

Wages are very low. The "head selecters" and shop bosses receive from $1 25 to $1 75 per day; good cigar-makers, $1; strippers, who are usually girls, about $1 per hundred-weight; and learners receive their clothes and board, and poor board at that.

San Juan has a cigarette factory which turns out a hundred and twenty-five thousand cigarettes a day, eighty thousand being the output from the most approved of American machinery, and the remainder from old-fashioned machines, which roll from single papers and crimp in the ends, instead of the modern method of a continuous paper-band feed and chopper. They make three varieties of cigarettes—two of white paper (one ready for smoking and the other requiring to be rerolled), and the third with a licorice-stained paper covering, which is very sweet and pleasant. The tobaccos used are usually the cheapest, smallest leaf, called "boliche," which is also used in the first class of fillers. There are some higher grades of cigarettes, which contain a better leaf mixed with the poor grade.

It may be said in favor of Puerto-Rican cigarettes that an unflavored pure tobacco is used, which, while it does not satisfy the average American cigarette-user, pleases a cigar-smoker. Their worst faults lie in the use of too heavy a paper, which imparts its fumes in burning, and in loose rolling. With a thin paper and less draught cigarettes made from these tropical tobaccos would find a ready sale and win reputation in the United States.

Home-made molasses-soaked plug tobacco, in ropes a hundred feet long, is one of the primitive wonders of the island. On any market-day one may see the tobacco-man with his little table piled up with bad cigars black as your hat, so green that you may wring water from them, and so cheap that a silver dollar will buy out his stock in trade; but the thing which catches the eye is the cylinders, eighteen inches high by six in breadth, made up, you would swear, from bights of hawsers soaked in tar, but in reality chewing-tobacco. Try it once and quit. A tobacco-chewing Jacky from Georgia, with a day ashore at Ponce, volunteered the information: "Yes, suh, that's the most pow'ful stuff I ever stowed in my wisdom teeth. Yes, suh, that's right." I agreed with him.

Smoking is almost universal in Puerto Rico, the cigar and the cigarette being alternated by most natives without any apparent preference. The better classes of the women seem never to use tobacco in any form, and to one accustomed to seeing the dainty fingers of Mexican señoritas hold lighted cigarettes after the black coffee is served somehow something is lacking in the familiar *ensemble* of tropical home life.

The peasant woman dearly loves her black cigar, and a sight which arouses risibility is the common one of a huge black aunty rolling down the centre of a street, burdened with head-balanced load heavy enough for a horse, placidly smoking an inky cigar of able proportions, whose clouds of smoke enshroud her head and waft into her contented half-closed eyes. Envy her. She has only half enough to eat, but is rich in the soothing of nectar nicotine.

It may interest the tobacco-man to know that the island tobacco is graded at present into the following classes (valuations are in Puerto-Rican silver):

1st class, wrapper superior, worth $100 per 100 pounds.
2d " wrapper inferior, $80 to $95.
3d " wrapper and filler superior (this distinction is made because one-half the leaf is good for wrapper, while the other half is used for filler), $70 to $80.
4th " wrapper and filler inferior, $50 to $70.
5th " filler superior, $40 to $50.
6th " filler inferior, $20 to $40.
7th " filler, $12 to $20.
8th " boliche (worst filler), $5 to $12 (and used largely for cigarettes).

This careful grading is never done by the grower, however, who simply gets a lump sum for his crop, but by the exporter; and it may be said further that this is not done as skilfully as in Cuba. The high-grade wrappers are beautiful in color, soft in texture, and as thin as paper; and they are, in the opinion of the island experts, quite as fine as any raised in the far-famed Vuelta-Abajo district of Cuba.

There is, apparently, a very bright future in Puerto Rico for tobacco raising and manufacturing, but it will be restricted by the impossibility of great expansion in any direction in an island already so densely populated, and by the possibility that only certain sections will prove suitable for tobacco-culture.

The Recent Storm

SO wide an extent of territory was affected by the intense cold, and by the heavy fall of snow which occurred while gales of wind were prevailing, that last week's storm may well be regarded as the most destructive ever experienced in the United States. It is true that during the blizzard of 1888 more snow fell. In the neighborhood of New York, for instance, 20.9 inches are recorded for March 12–14, 1888, while between 9:10 P.M. on Saturday, February 11, and 1 A.M. February 14, 1899, the fall was 15.6 inches. In the matter of low temperature, however, the recent storm was less merciful, for, beginning with February 9, when the minimum temperature was 3° below zero, a cold wave prevailed until early Tuesday morning. Thus on Saturday the minimum temperature was 6° below zero; on Sunday, 2° above; on Monday, 4° above; and if we compare with these figures the record for the three most boisterous days in 1888, we find, on March 12, minimum, 10.7° above; March 13, minimum, 4.8° above; and March 14, minimum, 12.9° above. The velocity of the wind also was greater on the last day of the recent storm than at any period during the blizzard of 1888, reaching sixty miles an hour before it began to abate.

Along the sea-coast of the Eastern and Middle States this onslaught was accepted as a repetition of an experience not wholly unfamiliar; from Washington to New Orleans, however, the weather conditions were unprecedented. The official Weather Bureau records show that the snowfall in the capital was almost twice as great as that of any previous storm, while all through the South new records for cold weather were established. In New Orleans, which had never before known the bitterness of the first fifteen degrees, thermometers registered 6° above zero, and in Jacksonville, Florida, 10° above, or four degrees lower than ever before. At Montgomery, Alabama, the minimum was 4° below zero; at Chattanooga, 8° below; at Knoxville, 10° below; at Memphis, 6° below; Little Rock, 2° below. Such an unprecedented invasion of winter had its natural result in causing a temporary suspension of business and not a little suffering; and fears are expressed that great loss will be sustained in the ruin of the fruit crop.

Like the more serious forms of disease in the human system, this storm was produced not by a single cause, but by a concurrence of influences—the cold wave from the Northwest, which had been first to arrive, and a rainstorm from the Gulf States, which promptly adapted itself to the conditions it found so firmly established. From Florida northward it advanced up the Atlantic coast as a cyclone, which spent its force on sea and land. So long as it prevailed no ships could enter or leave the port of New York, and in the harbor itself there was little activity. On Monday more than thirty ocean-going steamships were either due or overdue, but not one was reported by marine observers. Ferry-boats on the East and North rivers were impeded and sometimes damaged by floating ice, and transportation between Staten Island and the city, maintained with difficulty through the day, was entirely suspended after six o'clock in the evening.

In the Borough of Manhattan the Elevated trains did good service on Monday, and the cable lines succeeded in keeping their cars running all day long. The underground-trolley lines proved to be unable to cope with the snow; their employés, sent out in great numbers to clear the tracks, were discouraged by the difficulty of the task, and after five o'clock on Monday afternoon no cars were running on their Second, Fourth, Sixth, or Eighth Avenue lines. In the Borough of the Bronx surface cars were stalled and abandoned early in the morning. Electric cabs met the same fate in Broadway and on the Boulevard.

Several thousand men in the employ of the city were busily engaged in shovelling snow in the streets, but the work of carting it off was abandoned before the day was half finished, the force for this purpose being entirely inadequate. Some of the hotels of the city, in the effort to accommodate families of New-Yorkers, were crowded to their utmost capacity. Water-pipes and gas-pipes were frozen, and the discovery that the heating apparatus of many houses in the fashionable quarter was insufficient had driven people from their homes. Suburban residents were unwilling to take the risk of leaving town. In some instances employers insisted that their employees should be quartered at the hotels, so that they would be on hand when office hours began again.

Two of the principal theatres were closed, as a concession to superior force; at some of the others the spectators were so few that the performances seemed like rehearsals. There was an advance in the prices of dairy products, fruits, and vegetables at the shops. During a part of the day, at least, milk was not to be obtained at any price. A scarcity of coal and kindling-wood was severely felt, especially in the tenement districts, where fuel is purchased in small quantities from the grocer as it is required. The things done or left undone because supplies of coal gave out would make a curious chapter. A murder trial in the criminal branch of the Supreme Court was stopped because the court-room grew intolerably cold, and this in spite of the fact that the janitor's assistants used desks, chairs, and other articles of furniture as fuel.

A most earnest appeal to the charitable was made on behalf of poor people in the great city who were in need of food and warm clothing and fuel. A statement to the effect that fifteen thousand families, or about sixty thousand persons, were destitute of the absolutely necessary supplies was widely published, and contributions for their relief were promptly offered. It seemed almost impossible to obtain knowledge of the full extent of the field for charitable endeavor, because in some cases—and these perhaps the most deserving—the storm's victims were people who had never learned how to apply for relief, while others were too ill to venture out in such bitter weather. The police force received special orders to bring to light such cases, and a list of 97 families, including 350 persons, was sent to the secretary of the Charity Organization Society, Edward J. Devine. Instead of investigating the cases, according to its usual practice, as a preliminary to extending relief, the society took measures to supply the immediate wants of all the 97 families.

A general order, issued to the police captains by Chief Devery on Monday, instructed them to give shelter at the station-houses to "deserving persons" found within their respective precincts. The Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor and the Charity Organization Society were both supported in their work by generous contributions. The colonels of the regiments were notified by Governor Roosevelt to open their armories for the reception of homeless men, and the police were instructed to send to the armories all men not otherwise provided for.

By Tuesday, February 14, the Broadway and Lexington Avenue cable lines were running on practically schedule time, but the electric and horse car lines were still of little service. Trains on the elevated roads were run very slowly, and fears were expressed that the intense cold had injured the structures. The work of the Street-cleaning Department was hampered by a lack of carts and teamsters to haul the snow. About 2400 vehicles of several varieties, all more or less adapted to the purpose, were available, but this number was not proportionate to the army of laborers seeking employment, nor yet to the task in hand. From estimates made by those in authority in this important department of the city government, it appeared that a fortnight, or perhaps even a month, must pass before all of the snow could be cleared away; and a disposition was shown to abandon the use of melting-machines, which have been found to be useful chiefly in moderate weather.

On Tuesday also the great liners began to enter the harbor, the captains reporting rough passages, and some of them adding their observations upon the cyclone or blizzard, which had wrought its will upon the sea as upon the land, and had coated vessels with ice and snow. In the East River some of the ferry-boats were running. Though the rivers on both sides of Manhattan Island, and the harbor below it, were covered with blocks of ice, "the snow had made the ice much softer and easier to plough through," it was said. Still, some of the Brooklyn and New York ferries had given up the attempt to cross through such an arctic floe, and their boats were lying quietly at the slips.

Reports of the damage done to winter wheat in the South, Southwest, and West, and of losses of stock in the West and Northwest, were read with close attention; it seemed probable, however, that the early estimates of such injury and loss would tend to exaggeration.

During the night between February 13 and 14, trains which had left New York in the afternoon were caught in snow-drifts that made the roads impassable to the North and East and South and West; egress from the city was barred equally in all directions. On Tuesday the most energetic attempts were made to clear a way, with the aid of armies of snow-shovellers, and to plough a way with trains to which two engines were attached. Before evening some of the roads were tolerably clear, while over others only a single train had arrived or been despatched, and not even this degree of success had rewarded the efforts put forth on some of the branch lines. The mails were very seriously delayed by the blockade of the railway mail system throughout the Eastern, Middle, and Southern States, the normal conditions not being restored until towards the end of the week.

GENERAL EMILIO AGUINALDO—*A Character Sketch*

By Edwin Wildman, United States Vice-Consul-General at Hong-kong

FOR a dozen years the world of newspaper-readers has heard more or less frequently of the rebellion of a far-off nation of South Sea natives against the oppression and misrule of a European power. The accounts have been inadequate, and not of vital interest to Americans, but often so startling in their violence that even the callous news gourmet paused to utter an exclamation of indignation as he got out the family atlas and located the Philippine Islands on the map.

When that slumbering revolt took form, over a quarter of a century ago, there was toddling around the nipa hut of a native of Luzon a small dark Tagalo boy who was destined one day to break the shackles of the relentless power of the conquerors of his people and make a name of pure Tagalo origin recognized at the council table of the greatest nations of the world.

A Tagalo boy has no childhood. He springs from an infant into a man, and, to the foreigner, his age may be yet sixteen or past thirty. His boyhood is void of incident or change to mark the advancing mile-posts. From the time he can walk until he marries, his days are filled with the petty duties and sports of his home and native village. He cares for the chickens, or rides the caribou through the rice-paddies as his father guides the rude wooden plough, half submerged in water. He watches the babies, or carries them listlessly around strapped to his back, as he shoots stray coppers with his playmates, or fights his favorite cock at the street corner with the rival bird of a neighbor. He goes to and fro with a bamboo water-bucket suspended from a shoulder-yoke, assisting in the simple household duties. At night he throws himself down upon a blanketless bamboo bed resembling and about as comfortable as an old-time corduroy-road, and he eats his rice and the fish which he and his mother have caught with net or hook, from the nearest mud-hole or small stream, content with the knife and fork nature has provided on each hand, and in outward resemblance and habits is a savage, until he grows old enough to wear an embroidered white shirt of piña cloth, a pair of white cotton trousers, and a hat of cocoa fibre his mother has made, and then he is a man.

That was the childhood of Aguinaldo; but besides being an average Tagalo boy, he developed a desire beyond the thought of sleeping half the day and all the night, and farming a little plot of rice-paddy or sugar-cane on shares for the friars, who claim all the soil, and the key to heaven as well. When he became a man, and wore a white shirt over his trousers, he set off to the Mecca of the Filipinos—Manila. He saw many sights that inspired great hopes and ambitions. He heard of men of his own race who lived in fine houses with frescoed walls and marble stairs, and who owned large stores and ships that went to far-off islands. Then he went back among the cocoanut-palms and sugar plantations and mango forests, rich and productive, and wondered why his people never raised themselves above their half-savage conditions; why they never reaped the rewards of their industry—for they were and are an industrious race; and when he had thought—for God had given him a mind—he realized that his people were little better than slaves. They tilled the soil; they raised sugar, tobacco, and rice; they gathered the cocoanuts and prepared them for market; they cut the hemp and stripped it ready for the manufacturer; they even made it into rope, rude clothes, and household articles; and they built great monasteries, convents, and churches, hemmed in by formidable walls intended to shut out the very makers of them; but all this work was done for Spanish masters, who played upon their superstition and profited by their ignorance. They did not even own the land of their fathers, and out of their unequal shares they realized hardly enough to buy the cheap cotton prints that covered their bodies when they assembled to kneel before the Virgin in the gilded edifices they had builded.

Such thoughts impressed the young Tagalo and filled his mind with indignation, and his heart ached for his people. So the spirit of rebellion grew within him, and he vowed war and revenge against the oppressors of his race, against the sycophant priests who masked their corruption under the guise of religion.

In the nineteenth century there has not been a more unique figure among the native races of the earth than this Tagalo patriot—or rebel; call him what you will. Philosophers call silent men wise; superficial people call them ignorant. Aguinaldo is wise among his people, ignorant among Europeans. A man must be judged by his environments, his compatriots, his race. Aguinaldo is not a Napoleon nor a Washington; neither is he a Tecumseh or a Sitting Bull. He is Aguinaldo, and his name stands for no metaphor. He has the astuteness of his race, the fearless bravery of the savage warrior, the sphinxlike imperturbability of the Indian, the straightforwardness of childhood, and the innate sense of justice that characterizes all aboriginal races. It may be premature to sum up a man's character while his career is at the zenith. Some trick of circumstance or expediency may shift the kaleidoscope, for no man can stand under the microscope of the historian until the last page of evidence has been turned in; but Aguinaldo, as he is to-day, commands the consideration and respect of all who have taken the trouble to study his character and watch the trend of events of which he is the central figure.

That he loves pomp and opera-bouffe, ludicrous though it seems to the European, cannot condemn him to the showy nobility of the kingdom that taught his people to reverence gold braid and plumed cockades, nor to the gaudy monarchies of the Old World, nor to our own bemedalled, brass-buttoned, and gold-chevroned army and navy. Aguinaldo is but a feeble imitator of a civilization a thousand years his senior. The cost of all the insignias of his three hundred officers would not equal the expenditure for the full-dress regalia I have seen worn by the English colonial governor at Hong-kong. His much-advertised gold collar pales into insignificance in comparison with the ones worn by the British dignitary.

Aguinaldo takes himself seriously. It is a primitive old-fashioned idea, and never fails to arouse the amused smile of a foreigner. If we set that same representative of a higher civilization down in the presence of the Tagalo chieftain at Malolos headquarters, the smile will vanish from his face, and he will begin to ask himself why he feels ashamed at his thoughts. I confess I had to exercise my will-power to withhold an expression of my amusement when I first gazed upon the Filipino soldiery.

The native is an undersized man. As he stands before you in an ill-fitting calico uniform of checkered blue, a Manila hat cocked up on one side, set well down to his ears, a Mauser rifle longer than he is tall measuring his height, a big sword hammered out of a fish-plate pilfered from the Manila Dogapan railroad (the handle of caribou horn, and a bit of looking-glass set into the leather sheaf at the top), I am bound to admit he looks more the "super" in a provincial theatre doing mimic duty as a soldier in a one-night-stand comic-opera company than the real article who aims to kill and who means business when he draws his knife. But I learned to respect the bronze face under the hat, and the serious eyes that flashed at an insult or twinkled with delight at a well-meant sally. And so, after I met and talked with the acknowledged chieftain of all the Filipinos, I spoke less carelessly of him, and of the republic his ambition had crystallized out of the tax-ridden and misguided aborigines.

Aguinaldo holds his councils of state, directs his army of 20,000 or more natives, and lives at Malolos—a quaint little town made up of nipa huts, a dozen whitewashed brick structures, including a great church and convent, thirty miles eastward of Manila in Luzon. He has appropriated to his use the convent of Malolos; and a half-dozen soldiers, and two natives with Mindanao spears, all doing guard under a Filipino flag at the convent's entrance, inform you of the fact.

When I made my visit to Aguinaldo I was accompanied by a native Filipino of Manila who stood high among his people, and when he made known my desire to meet the general we were ushered through the lines of the well-worn storied stairs of the old convent into the council-room of the Filipino government. It struck me as incongruous that there, in the heart of a palm-enhanced village of bare-placed, scantily furnished native huts, I should find myself suddenly in a great well-furnished reception-room, laid with a handsome French carpet, gorgeously frescoed and decorated, and hung with oil paintings, though of native masters, creditably done; yet I could not help admiring the attempts to ape European grandeur. At one end of the council-chamber hangs a life-size portrait of Aguinaldo, painted, I suspect, by a Chinaman. The portrait looks younger than the general, and does not give a correct idea of his face, but it serves to remind the writer that he is in the hot-bed of insurrection—in the very home of the little rebel who has focussed the attention of the world. Along the sides of the room are a number of skilfully carved miniature images illustrating various methods of torture and abuse to which the Filipinos were subjected by the Spanish friars in order to extract the secrets of the Masonry which was the preliminary organization that united the natives of the islands for the purpose of subverting the Spanish rule.

When my card reached the general, his aide-de-camp, a dapper little lieutenant, came forward from an adjoining room and greeted me cordially in good English, begging me to be seated a moment, when the general would receive me. Then from across the room came a man, short and rugged of stature, a big well-shaped head upon his shoulders, and walking up to where I sat, extended his hand. The aide introduced him, and we chatted a few moments in English, shook hands and parted, I promising to accept his pressing invitation to visit him at his house in Manila. I had met Sandico, Aguinaldo's chief adviser, and the man whose name, next to the chief's own, stands unrivalled for daring and strategy among Tagalo soldiers. Sandico reflects the polish of the Spaniard and the swarthy dignity of his own race. The aide had left me, but he returned in a moment, announcing that the general would see me.

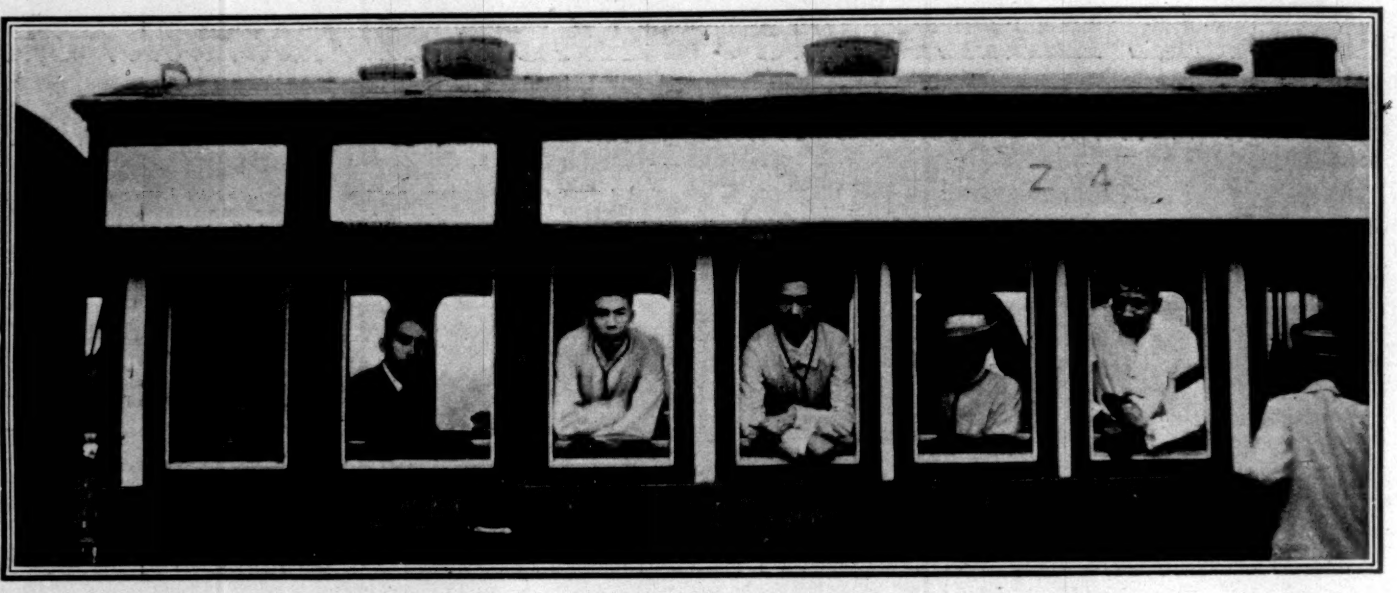
A pair of red curtains separates the inner sanctum of the commander-in-chief of the insurgent forces from the council-room. They were deftly held back by the aide-de-camp as I passed into the presence of the famous Aguinaldo. The little warrior stood at the side of his big table, and if I had requested him to pose for a photograph, the attitude could not have been improved upon. The spacious room is adorned with Japanese hangings and vases, and decorated with ancient arms and emblems on either side and above a great mirror of French plate. Against the wall back of his desk is the big Spanish flag that once hung over the palace in the old walled city. The flag was captured in a skirmish with the Spanish by the insurgent forces. "Thousands have been offered as a bribe for that flag," said Aguinaldo, "but I wouldn't take twenty-five thousand pesos." Nothing in the chieftain's dress suggested his rank, but a glance at his serious bronzed countenance stamped him, in my estimation, as a leader. His head is large, but sets well upon his rather slight body. His hair is the rich shiny black of the Tagalo, and is combed Pompadour, enhancing his height somewhat. He was neatly dressed in a suit of fine piña cloth of native manufacture, and as he stood there, straight and dignified, one hand resting on his desk, despite his under-size and mock-heroic surroundings, he impressed me as a man capable of all he had undertaken, and the possessor of a will and determination equal to the task set before him, and I made up my mind then and there that he was genuine; that his dignity was natural; that his aim was lofty, and his character trustful and worthy of being trusted. True worth shines through the eyes, will shows itself in the mouth, ability in the curve of the nose. There is a look in the faces of men who lead, men who command, that no student of character can fail to note. There is a something in the make-up of this little Tagalo that inspires more than respect—something that commands without words. I do not think that I am overestimating Aguinaldo when I say that he possesses the attributes that go to make up greatness as it is understood among men. There is something out of the ordinary in a man, born in the wilds of an outlying island, uneducated, uncultured, untravelled, who possesses the power to inspire men to heroism and self-sacrifice; who can muster an army out of men who never fought but with the knife or the bow and arrow; who can hold in check the violent passions for revenge, plunder, and destruction in a race which has never known anything but cruelty and oppression from the white man, and which does not forget that the soil must be tilled and the crops harvested, and that there is a God in heaven who will listen to the petition of a Tagalo curé and will reject the mock prayers of a Franciscan Pharisee.

Aguinaldo's generalship shows itself in his resolute chin and overshot jaw. If he were a bull-dog a fancier would call him a thoroughbred. In Malolos the natives told me that Aguinaldo never slept. While the Filipino takes his siesta from 12 o'clock until 3.30, the priest from 12 until 5, Aguinaldo grapples with the problems of war and peace. Over a thousand miles of telegraph wires (captured from the Spanish) terminate at his desk. All parts of Luzon, and even beyond, are within his ready reach, and every regiment receives its orders daily. He is an enigma to his people, and to the foreigner who would probe his thoughts. Among the natives he is held as a demi-god who leads a charmed life—even far back among the hills the yet-untamed Negrito tribes fear his name. He knows every inch of Filipino soil, and can hold the outlying districts loyal, for his purpose is never questioned, and the ethics of right and wrong are not discussed. His flag flies over every group of huts, every petty pueblo, and every junk and barge that plies the rivers and bays of Luzon, and it is not a stranger among the southern islands. His people, in the general acceptance of the word, are Indians; but they must not be confused with the North-American product. They are advanced in the arts of civilization far beyond the native races of our own continent. They are industrious; they make the soil productive; they understand the method of developing to their best maturity the native fruits, the cocoanut, the betel-nut, the banana, the mango, and even raising potatoes and apples of an inferior quality. They build substantial houses; they make and mix paints; they carve in wood; they work in iron; they make skilful machinists, good mill-hands, barbers, servants and day-laborers, and they worship God. They respect morality; they love their homes and their children. They make successful merchants, scholars, divines, and in music their talent is universal. As manufacturers and weavers their skill is wonderful. They utilize the palm, the bamboo, the abaca-plant, the cocoanut fibre, for food, clothing, and household utensils innumerable. All this I assert from observation and investigation, and not from hearsay. As soldiers they have shown themselves capable of splendid achievement, daring, and heroism for a hundred years and more.

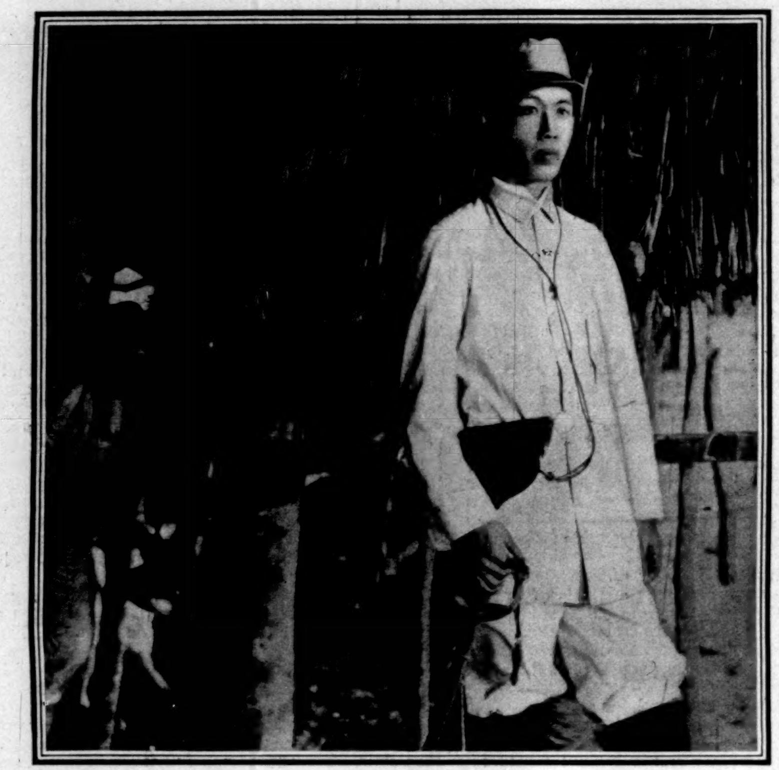
Aguinaldo is a native among natives. He belongs to the common people, superior only in the one gift that makes him the chosen leader of them all, and the question naturally arises, what has he done for his people?

Primarily the Philippines should not be judged by the standards that form our estimate of Cuba and the Cubans. America views Cuba at short range, and a study of her insurgents and their so-called leaders during our invasion of the island has not elevated them in the estimation of the public. They have, rightfully or wrongfully, suffered in reputation by being placed under the search-light of our great newspapers, and will go down to history as mere insurgents, not revolutionists fighting for the enjoyments of a government of peace and freedom. No comparison can be drawn between the Philippine insurgents and their Cuban prototypes. One is a Malay, the other a mixed race. They are races that have little in common save a common oppressor. Aguinaldo has been viewed with eyes that are filled with the distorted image of a Cuban chief. He has not been given the credit of being a distinct species and a unique individuality. Whatever the outcome of our policy in the Philippines will be, the islands will ever owe a debt of deep gratitude to Aguinaldo. He has made life and property safe, preserved order, and encouraged a continuation of agricultural and industrial pursuits. He has made brigandage and loot impossible, respected private property, forbidden excess, either in revenge or in the name of the state, and made a woman's honor safer in Luzon than it has been for 300 years. Had not Aguinaldo gone to Luzon as our guest, he would have gone anyway sooner or later, but not bound by the solemn promises of friendship—promises not broken at this writing, and, if I judge the man rightly, promises that will not be broken lightly. Had he not gone at all, a hundred "Aguinaldos" of inferior character would have sprung up all over the islands, and brigandage would have been rampant. Fire, pillage, and murder would have laid desolate the fertile valleys and villages, no one would have been responsible for a devastation that would have taken a decade to remedy, and a race of gentle people would have relapsed into the savages that resisted the occupation of the white man for a century. Even in the three weeks that elapsed between the 1st of May and the arrival of Aguinaldo this state of affairs was beginning, and property was looted and life sacrificed at a fearful rate, as any one who will listen to the stories of the Spanish or American officers can testify. Aguinaldo accepted the grave responsibility of being the sponsor of peace, order, and good name of his people. Why he has been assailed and maligned so often in public print it was beyond my ability to explain to him. There are some things in our body-politic that are beyond the ken of his comprehension, and mine—the wholesale manufacture of public sentiment is one of them. What I said to Aguinaldo that day at Malolos and what he said to me is immaterial. It served to assist me to a judgment of his character.

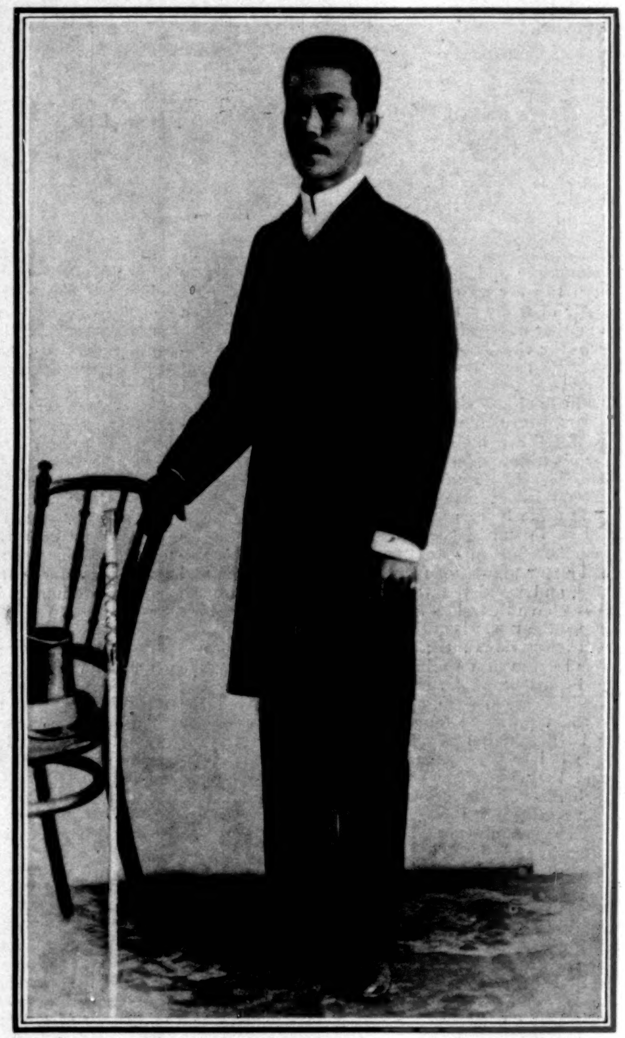
I have taken Aguinaldo as he takes himself—seriously; and it is the highest compliment I can pay him, and the only way I know of to do justice to a man whose achievements stand pre-eminent in aboriginal warfare in the world's history.



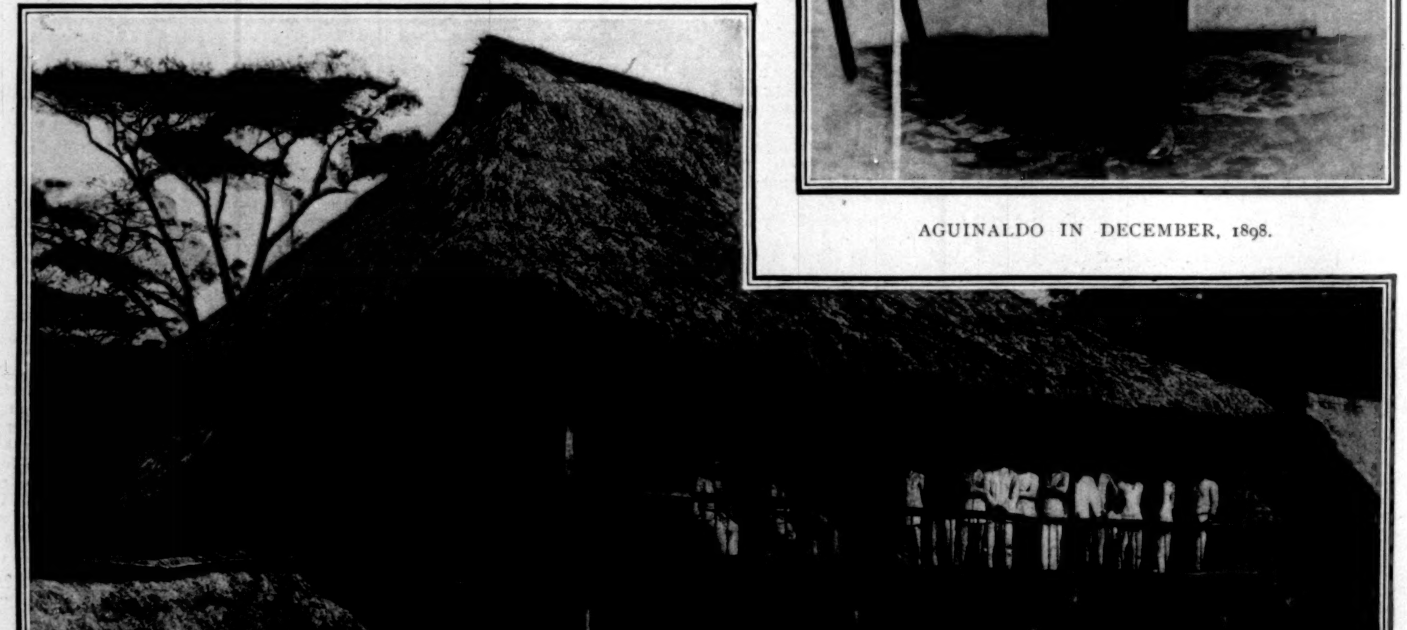
THE FILIPINO LEADERS ON THEIR WAY TO MALOLOS.



AGUINALDO IN 1895 AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE OLD REBELLION.

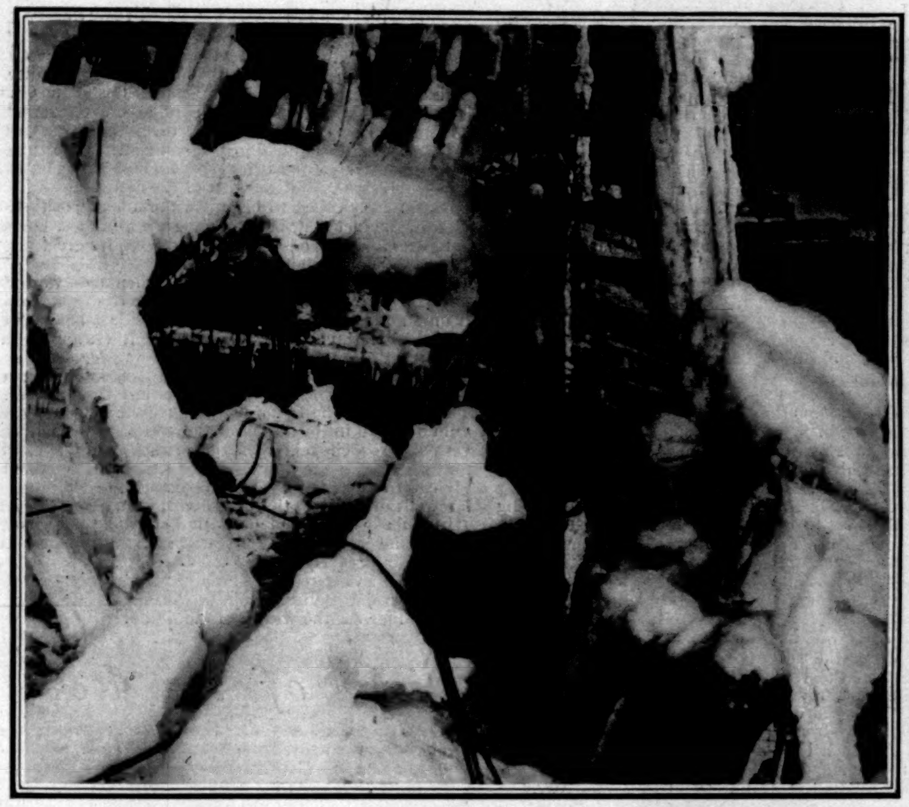


AGUINALDO IN DECEMBER, 1898.

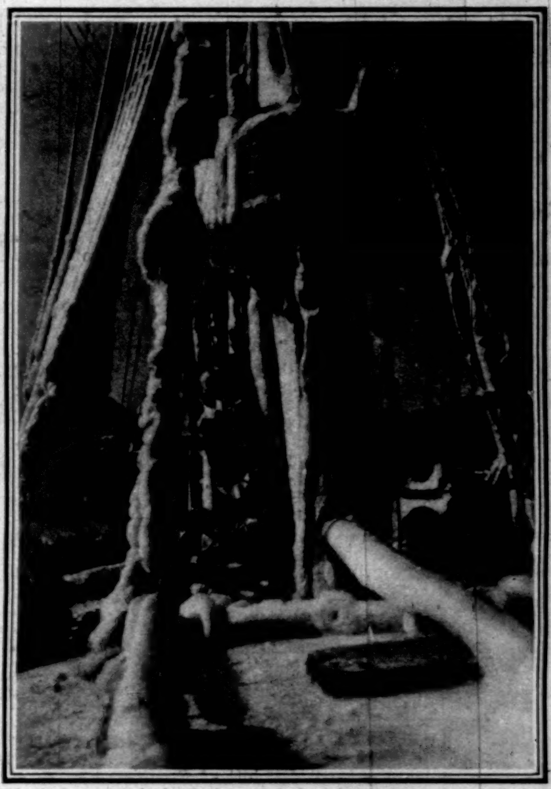


THE LEADERS OF THE INSURRECTION GATHERED AT AGUINALDO'S HOUSE.

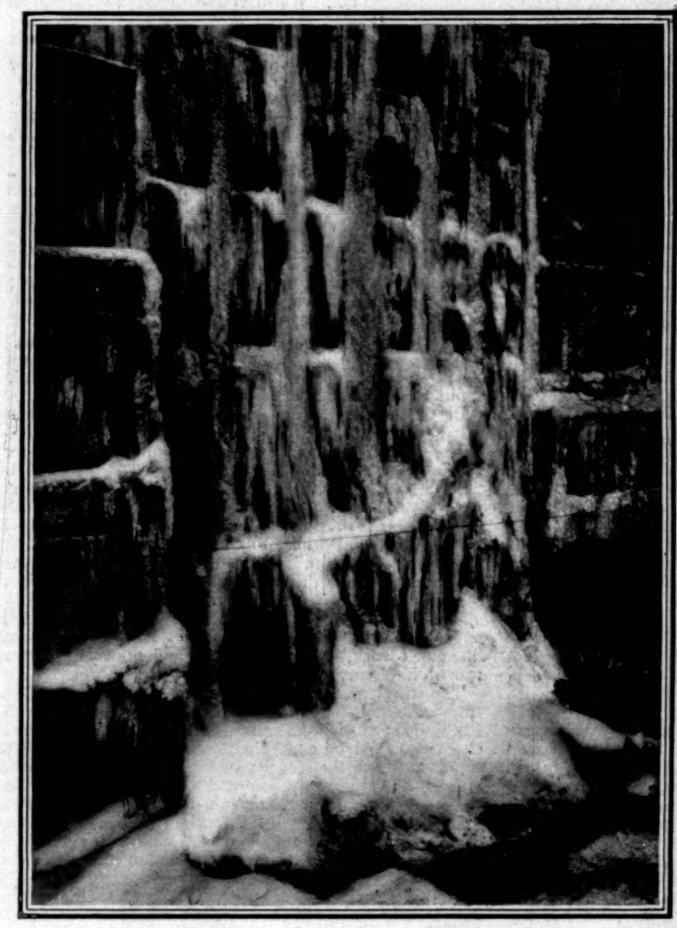
GENERAL EMILIO AGUINALDO—HIS LIFE AND SURROUNDINGS.—[SEE PAGE 197.]



LOOKING FORWARD ON STEAMSHIP *GERMANIC* ON HER ARRIVAL.

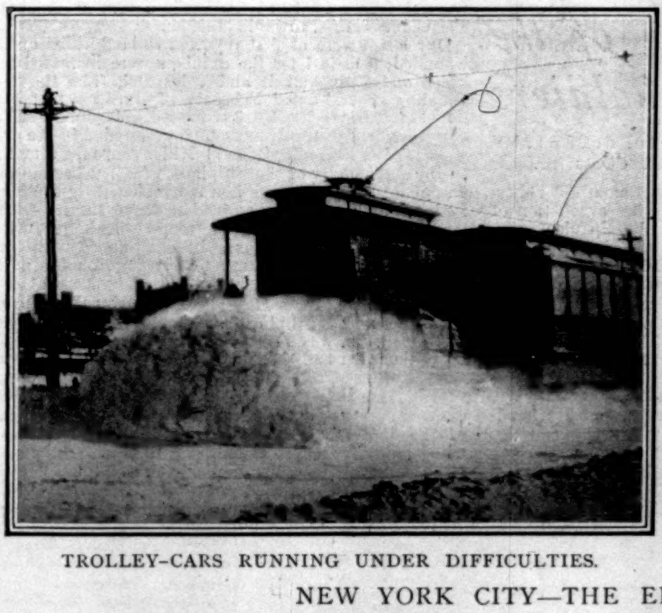


LOOKING AFT ON STEAMSHIP *GERMANIC*.



AFTER THE FIRE AT THE BATTERY—ICE IN SHEETS ON THE WALLS.

THE STEAMSHIP *GERMANIC*, CAREENED BY A SQUALL AND SUNK AT HER DOCK.



TROLLEY-CARS RUNNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

SNOW-DRIFTS IN A SIDE STREET.

NEW YORK CITY—THE EFFECTS OF THE BLIZZARD OF 1899.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 196.]

LONDON

February 4, 1899.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, as I predicted a few weeks ago, has successfully raised a question of greater interest to the country than even Old Age Pensions or One Man One Vote. Controversies raging in the Church of England have now reached the public. The Albert Hall was filled to its utmost capacity this week, when a vast meeting was held to uphold and maintain the Protestantism of the nation, and to demand the suppression of the mass and the confessional in the Established Church. The *Times* devotes much of its space to leading articles and correspondence on ecclesiastical questions. Penny and half-penny papers copy its example. The Queen has been appealed to direct, and has been asked to instruct the Prime Minister to take the necessary steps to suppress Romish practices, and compel the bishops to enforce obedience to the decisions of the Privy Council. Mr. Balfour, in addressing his constituents at Manchester, has been hissed by the Protestant party and his meetings disturbed. Evidence is thus forth-coming that both in London and the provinces the antipathy to priestcraft, which is recorded on every page of English history, has been aroused anew by Sir William Harcourt's attack on the confessional and the celebration of the mass. Although the country is not yet ripe for sweeping changes, the controversy now raging is important, because it has quickened the movement for disestablishment. Sweeping change may yet result from the struggle between laity and clergy. Opponents of the union between church and state are taking advantage of the campaign against the confessional and the mass. The ferment in England is great—is increasing—and if Sir William Harcourt's latest proposal is carried out, a lay vigilance committee will be established in every parish to keep watch and ward over the officiating clergymen. If this plan is accomplished, disestablishment, though no remedy for ritualism, will be inevitable. Sir William Harcourt has played his ecclesiastical trump with great skill. He has divided his opponents. Strong differences of opinion have already been raised in the Unionist party, while a new cry has been provided for the enemies of the government.

AN Albert Hall meeting is a good test of public opinion. The hall is in the extreme west end of London, is not very accessible, and, unless there is a genuine national feeling, is difficult to fill. Five thousand people were turned away, and ten thousand from all parts of the country were present on a cold January evening to protest against the Catholic revival. This meeting was the response of the laity to Sir William Harcourt's exposure of illegal practices in the Church of England. Domestic affairs in other directions are calm and dull enough. Now that the theological plague has again broken out, there is no knowing where it will stop. Disestablishment is a question of enormous importance to the social structure as well as to the religious life of England. Probably nine out of ten of English laymen regard the claim of special authority and the spiritual ambitions of the ritualist priesthood as impudent and unfounded, and the cynical indifference with which disestablishment is regarded by many may produce results no man can foretell. For centuries a clergyman has lived in thousands of English villages where the inhabitants are too poor to pay for spiritual guidance. It will be a momentous day when political change obliterates these centres of refinement and religion. They have grown into the fabric of our national life. Innumerable learned and holy men have gained in the Establishment the opportunity of presenting to their humblier neighbors examples of simple piety and of scholarly research. The union of culture and simplicity spreads the contagion of refinement. The family life of our parsonages is one of the features of the Church of England least easily spared and the most unlikely to be replaced.

IN these days of universal reading and free libraries, however, the average elector is too well acquainted with the origin of the Church of England to look upon her with superstitious awe. He knows that she is the result of a compromise "huddled up," as Macaulay says, "between the eager zeal of reformers and the selfishness of greedy, ambitious, and time-serving politicians." This compromise between irreconcilable dogmas gives signs of collapse. There are two intelligible and consistent courses which may be followed with respect to the exercise of private judgment—that of the Romanist, who interdicts it because of its inevitable inconveniences, and that of the Protestant, who permits it in spite of its inevitable inconveniences. The political compromise of the Church of England is breaking down, and if it should fall the waters are indeed let loose. Questions of the land, of hereditary legislators, and of the monarchy itself, are indirectly but distinctly involved, and the centre of gravity of our social structure will be altered by the upheaval.

IT is said that when Sir Robert Peel read Gladstone's book on church and state, he remarked that the young man would ruin a fine career if he took to writing books like that. Peel himself habitually avoided public expression of opinion on questions not ripe for legislation. Mr. Balfour takes a different view of his duty as leader of the House of Commons. He believes that the Catholic subjects of the Queen should enjoy the same rights and privileges as her Protestant subjects, and proposes, therefore, to give greater facilities for higher education in Ireland to both Catholics and Protestants. The non-conformists are already in arms. They are believers in Protestant ascendency; they are not believers, though many of them think that they are, in religious equality. The president of the Wesleyan Conference has sounded the first alarm of danger to Protestantism. Mr. Balfour proposes to found a Catholic university in Dublin and a Protestant university in Belfast. Those who accept the one and reject the other write themselves down as intolerant—men who call themselves Protestants, and yet who do not believe in religious freedom and equality. Mr. Gladstone's home-rule bill would have given to the Irish Catholics all and more than all that Mr. Balfour would give, while Mr. Gladstone would have given nothing to the Protestants of Ulster. The non-conformists supported Mr. Gladstone; they oppose Mr. Balfour. The government and the Unionist party are not yet committed to the position Mr. Balfour has taken up. If he were at variance with them he would, of course, acquiesce or retire. Mr. Balfour has the courage of his opinions; he has struck out a line of his own, and the great majority of sensible people are of opinion that the vexed question of Catholic education in Ireland will sooner or later be settled on some such lines as those which Mr. Balfour has laid down. In the mean time it is interesting to note that the agitation for disestablishment in England, caused by the aggression of Romish sympathizers in the Church of England, introduces party feeling and religious rancor into the question of higher education in Ireland. Mr. Balfour's well-meant attempts to settle the vexed question of the higher education of Catholics in Ireland have been effectively "scotched" by Sir William Harcourt's "No Popery" campaign.

WHILE the commotion in the Church has relaxed the long strain of attention to foreign affairs, the Irish Land Question is forcing its way once more to the front. The Irish Local Government Act is being utilized for other purposes than local government. The more fiery of the Nationalists are again in evidence, and are giving disagreeable effect to their irritation and distaste for the British connection. For more than a year America has conferred an immeasurable boon upon the United Kingdom. Irish influence in America has dwindled, owing to the preoccupation of the American people in their foreign affairs. That this preoccupation should have reduced American subscriptions and Irish capacity for mischief on both sides of the water is especially noteworthy at the anniversary of the Irish Rebellion. The reputation of Mr. Choate as a shrewd and faithful critic of the American-Irish has preceded him, and predisposes the long-suffering Englishry strongly in his favor. There is no longer any vital sign of a Union of Hearts. Dissensions on religious questions and the antagonism between the more militant of the non-conformists and the more fervid of the Nationalists have removed any tendency on the part of the Irish leaders towards moderation and good-will. The Irish landlord having been thrown to the wolves, the Irish laborer is asking himself why the Irish tenant of grazing-lands should retire in his favor. Mr. William O'Brien is doing his utmost to revive boycotting and the social war. When changes are about to take place of great and enduring moment a kind of prologue on a small scale sometimes anticipates the true opening of the drama. Like the first drops which give notice of the coming storm, the present condition of affairs in Ireland indicates developments that may become dramatic in the near future. The Coercion Act is still in existence, and can be revived by a stroke of the pen. But Mr. Gerald Balfour is not endowed with the strength or credited with the charm of his brother, and his rule in Ireland can scarcely be counted a success. I have watched Mr. Gerald Balfour's progress with personal interest, as it was at a meeting of mine that he made his first speech in public. Intellectually, no doubt, he is well equipped for political life, but there is something wanting from his armory which Mr. Arthur Balfour possesses. If Mr. William O'Brien succeeds in setting the inhabitants of the congested districts against the grazing interests, Mr. Gerald Balfour will be obliged to act. Whatever he does, or refrains from doing, there will be trouble. If he proclaims a district or a county, the cry of coercion will be raised anew. Nearly half England is Liberal; the government is in its fifth session, and next year, or the year after, in the natural order of things, it will appeal to the country. It is unlikely that either side will obtain so overwhelming a majority as to enable it to dispense with the support of the Irish. The troubles of 1886 will then begin all over again, unless English and Scotch politicians unite over the Irish question, as they united over foreign affairs.

THE appointment of Hallam Lord Tennyson as Governor of South Australia is a touch of happy imagination on the part of the government. The presence in imperial public life of names indelibly associated with English history is excellent precedent. Until his father's death the present Lord Tennyson acted as his private secretary, his factotum, and almost his daughter, as well as being a faithful and loving son. How far those duties, which necessarily involved considerable restraint and confinement, have prepared him for a proconsulship in one of the self-governing dependencies of the Crown remains to be seen. The present Lord Tennyson is amiable, scholarly, and industrious. The contrast between the serenity of the life at Farringford and the rough-and-tumble of a second-rate colonial governorship will be an interesting experience. The present Lord Tennyson was a friend of Gordon, and is a firm believer in Mr. Chamberlain's imperial policy.

ARNOLD WHITE.

The Repatriation of the Last Spanish Soldiers

BY THE MARQUIS DE GIRANTA, SECRETARY OF THE SPANISH EVACUATION COMMISSION.

ON the fifth day of the present month of February the actual and effective evacuation of the island of Cuba by the Spanish army terminated, for on that day, in the bay of Cienfuegos, the steamship *Cataluña* weighed anchor, having on board the last Spanish troops—the battalions of Beas and Llerena—and the general-in-chief, Don Adolfo Jimenez Castellanos, and his general staff. These same troops had been honored with a public banquet in Cienfuegos on their arrival from Spain.

General Castellanos left Havana on the 1st of January, embarking in the *Rabat* as soon as he had finished handing over the island, and he arrived that evening at Matanzas, where he remained on board, directing the embarkation of the seventeen thousand soldiers whom he had there. This operation was completed on the 11th of January, and he went, still on the *Rabat*, to Cienfuegos, where he superintended the embarkation of the twenty-three thousand troops there, remaining on the *Rabat* until the 29th of January, when he transferred himself to the *Cataluña* in order to go in her to Spain, where he will disembark at the port of Santander. General Castellanos, who is a soldier in every fibre, honorable, brave, energetic, and just, adores his soldiers, and cares for them as for his sons. He has acquired great prestige by the fortunate, honorable, and intelligent manner in which he has brought to a conclusion the repatriation of the Spanish army, and in Spain he is called to occupy a prominent position, in view of the fact that, besides being the youngest lieutenant-general—his age is fifty-three—he enjoys great popularity among the troops.

On Sunday, the 5th of February, when mass was celebrated aboard the *Cataluña* (some of the troops had heard it on shore beforehand, and it was the last mass which the Spanish army should hear in Cuba), it was an affecting spectacle to see General Castellanos giving fervent thanks to God for the happy termination of his commission, surrounded by his general staff and his last two battalions. The strains of the Spanish royal march, played by the military band in the saloon of the vessel, which was converted into a chapel, when the priest raised the chalice towards God in the mass, were accompanied by thanksgivings from all those congregated there, and by the last farewells of Spain to that ungrateful island Cuba.

In Cuba were buried one hundred thousand soldiers during the last war—sad witnesses of the immense and futile sacrifices Spain had made to preserve Spanish Cuba—and in her remain, although as strangers, two hundred thousand living Spaniards, who represent the industry and increase the wealth of the island.

Diary of the Revolt

Wednesday, February 8.—The First Tennessee Regiment was despatched from Manila on the transport *St. Paul* to re-enforce General Miller at Ilo Ilo. The cruiser *Boston* had been sent on a similar errand two days earlier. Besides these, the American force at Ilo Ilo consisted of the Eighteenth Infantry, Battery G of the Sixth Artillery, a signal detachment, the cruiser *Baltimore*, and the gunboat *Petrel*.

Thursday, February 9.—Filipinos were concentrating and entrenching themselves near Caloocan; large numbers of them were also beyond Caloocan, towards Malabon.

The total number of casualties in our ranks, resulting from all engagements between February 4 and this date, was 268.

Friday, February 10.—During the five days immediately following the outbreak the American troops were advanced southward and eastward from Manila, capturing positions which were essential to the security of the city; but on the north, at Caloocan, serious resistance had to be overcome. Caloocan was regarded as "the strongest rebel position on the island of Luzon"; it lay in the path of advance towards Malolos, the capital of the so-called Philippine Republic. The only railway in the Philippines runs from Manila north to Caloocan, Malabon, Malolos, etc. The seat of Aguinaldo's government is about twenty-eight miles from Manila, and contains about 15,000 inhabitants.

In or near Caloocan, then, the Filipino forces numbered perhaps 10,000.

The American plans were carried out with precision. The town, which lies near the bay, was first shelled by the *Monadnock* and the *Charleston* and by General MacArthur's artillery. At 4 P.M. the American ships ceased firing, and Brigadier-General Harrison Gray Otis's brigade "made a partial wheel to the right, resting left of the brigade on Caloocan." The quotation is from the commanding general's despatch, and this phrase gives a correct impression of a feature of the engagement which may be regarded with satisfaction. The plan of a thorough soldier was executed in soldierly fashion. "It was like clock-work," one of the correspondents says. "There was no hitch anywhere."

The wheel was made in part through groves of banana trees and bamboo hedges, and in part over the open fields. Filipino sharp-shooters were posted in huts and wherever else they could be concealed. Their presence detracted somewhat from the security of the groves; and our men, when in the open, were exposed to fire from the trenches. A steady advance was continued without firing, and a final rush drove the enemy from the trenches at the point of the bayonet. A company of the First Montana Infantry, led by Major Bell, turned defeat into rout by executing a détour and arriving at this juncture on the enemy's flank. Then the natives, throwing away their weapons and setting fire to their thatched huts, ran out of the town in a panic, leaving many dead and wounded.

The fires were extinguished by our men. At half past five o'clock the American flag was raised. Brigadier-General Otis established his headquarters at Caloocan. The enemy retired towards Malabon.

Our losses were at first reported to be 3 killed and 32 wounded; a little later the numbers were increased to 4 killed and 47 wounded; and a despatch from the commanding general dated February 12 gives a list of additional casualties—2 killed, 9 wounded. Mr. John F. Bass, correspondent of the WEEKLY, was wounded in the arm.

At Ilo Ilo, Brigadier-General Miller sent an ultimatum to the commander of the Filipinos, who had been in possession of the town since it was evacuated by the Spaniards. Foreigners were warned to leave Ilo Ilo within twenty-four hours; the native troops to make no further preparations for resistance. In compliance with these instructions, non-combatants took refuge on board foreign ships lying in the harbor.

Saturday, February 11.—The *Petrel*, signalling to the *Boston* that the Filipinos at Ilo Ilo were working in their trenches, was ordered to fire warning shots; but when the order had been obeyed, the warning was apparently construed as a challenge to fight. Our two war-vessels accordingly shelled the enemy's position; forty-eight sailors, under the command of Lieutenant Niblack of the *Boston*, were landed; the Filipinos set fire to many buildings before abandoning the town; Lieutenant Niblack took possession, lowering the Filipino flag and raising the stars and stripes over the governor's palace; and the Tennesseeans, the Eighteenth Infantry, and the battery of artillery disembarked from the transports. Flames had already destroyed a great portion of the chief city of the central Philippines, second city of the archipelago in commercial importance, but the capture had been effected without the loss of a man.

Returning to the neighborhood of Manila, we note that on the same day the *Charleston* and the *Monadnock* shelled Malabon, and a few shots were exchanged between the Filipinos and our soldiers at Caloocan.

Twelve miles south of Manila a squad of the Fourteenth Infantry was attacked by a superior force while reconnoitring, and was driven in to the main line. Then the Filipinos were repulsed in their turn by men from the Fourteenth Infantry and Fourth Cavalry, and two of them with arms were captured. Several Americans were wounded.

Sunday, February 12.—Finding it impossible to make a successful stand at Malabon, the Filipinos gathered in force twelve miles north of that town, on the railway between Malabon and Malolos. The American commanding general said, in an official despatch of this date, that they were "evidently perplexed"; and added, "If regular troops *en route* were here, could probably end war, or all determined active opposition, in twenty days." The transport *Grant*, conveying troops from New York to Manila, had just sailed from Suez.

An interesting portion of General Otis's despatch related to the outbreak of February 4, in explanation of which he said: "It is reported that the insurgent representative at Washington telegraphed Aguinaldo to drive out the Americans before the arrival of re-enforcements. The despatch was received at Hong-kong, and mailed to the Malolos government, which decided on attack to be made about the 7th inst. The eagerness of the insurgent troops to engage precipitated the battle."

After the capture of Ilo Ilo, about one thousand Filipinos took up a strong position at the neighboring village of Jaro. On Sunday afternoon a battalion of the Eighteenth Infantry and a detachment of the Sixth Artillery, with two Hotchkiss guns and a Gatling gun, captured Jaro, after the position had been well defended for about one hour. The enemy retired, taking their dead and wounded with them. Lieutenant Frank Bolles, of the Eighteenth, and four privates, were killed.

Tuesday, February 14.—A sharp engagement occurred at Pateros, about ten miles southeast of Manila, near the Pasig River and Laguna de Bay. The place had been surrendered a week before, and flags of truce were flying; but Filipinos who had gathered there opened fire on the American outposts. Three companies of the California volunteers thereupon took the place, driving the enemy out. A stand was made beyond Pateros in the jungle; the Californians were re-enforced by companies of the Idaho and Washington regiments and a battery of artillery, the gunboat *Laguna de Bay* co-operating from the river. The Filipinos fought desperately until nightfall. M. W.

The American Water-Color Society

THE spacious galleries of the National Academy tempt the American Water-Color Society to be too indiscriminate in their courtesies. Many of the exhibits might have been refused with advantage to the exhibition. However, there is a plenty of charming pieces, which illustrate the various possibilities of this fascinating medium. For really marvellous skill in the literal interpretation of objects the veteran J. G. Brown still commands one's admiration, even if he does not stir one's pulse. But in what he sets out to do he is a master. Though, too, one's sympathies have been a little overworked with scenes from Brittany, it is impossible not to acknowledge the vigor and charm of Will S. Robinson's subjects. But there are many pictures in the enjoyment of which there is no thought behind. Such a one is Henry B. Snell's "Twilight at Sea," enchanting in its representation of luminous vapor; and Ben Foster's "A Summer Night," tender and tranquil and pervaded with dreamy light. Charles Warren Eaton shows several pictures characterized by deep poetic feeling, notably "The Rising Moon"; and C. Harry Eaton two which are splendid in their suggestion of keen fresh air and vigorous vitality. Admirable in its strength, both of conception and treatment, is Horatio Walker's "Spring," which should be compared with the "imprisoned sunshine" of his "Hay-making."

The witchery of silver moonlight and dark plumelike foliage is well rendered in Edward Potthast's "Fairyland"; moonlight again, skipping over the waves, in F. K. M. Rehn's "A July Evening"; while "Wintry Shimmer" is a particularly pleasing example of the snow scenes in which Walter L. Palmer delights. Other pictures which repay attention are "On the Conocacheague," by A. T. Van Laer; "Winter Morning," by S. P. Triscott; and several crayon drawings by Jules Guérin, full of rugged intensity. Amongst the figure pictures is the Evans prize-winner, "The Gift of Roses," by Albert Herter, gracious in line and color, exquisite in its treatment of detail, but still more fascinating for the enigmatic elusive sentiment that pervades it. Clara McChesney sends a strong and serious rendering of a mother and baby, entitled "Sleep"; and Rosina Emmet Sherwood makes a remarkable showing, especially with her clever and charming drawing of two "Children Playing."

Very skilful in its interpretation of various textures, quietly dignified in tone, but rather inert in sentiment, is Albert Sterner's "Portrait of a Lady." Next to it is a subject called "Light," by Margaret Longstreth. A woman stands before a window, in the glass of which her figure is reflected, forming a sort of mirage upon the scene beyond. It is, in its present form, rather a study than an achieved result. The woman's form is slightly amorphous, evidently with excellent intention, but in the attempt to keep it quite material in contrast to the spirituality of the reflection, the coloring has become coarse, and the several parts of the picture scarcely key together. The idea is so fascinating that it is worth further development. William F. Kline's "The Woodland Mirror," a girl viewing her reflection in a pool, though not very careful in the drawing of the hands and feet, is a charming fragment of decoration. Another small picture which is instinct with decorative feeling is the flatly drawn "Wise Virgins" of Harvey Ellis. The virgins are as hard-featured as— But let that pass. The interest of the picture is that Mr. Ellis has relied upon the abstract language of line and form and spaces, as well as upon the sensuous effect of an extremely expressive arrangement of color. Herein are the elements of true decoration, and one wishes that he may have the opportunity of developing them in more important work. This brief notice of a very enjoyable exhibition must close with a cordial congratulation to Arthur I. Keller, a young artist, who has here lifted himself into the front rank. His two exhibits testify to the versatility of his method. "The Best of Friends must Part" is a *genre* picture, exquisite in detail and harmonious in *ensemble*, with vivacity and elegance in some of the figures, and a most winsome treatment of two tiny children. The other, "Lead, Kindly Light," is an earnest rendering of a subject that might easily have been sentimental, drawn in a broad, determined manner, and yet with a tender feeling for the respective qualities of old age and blossoming childhood.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

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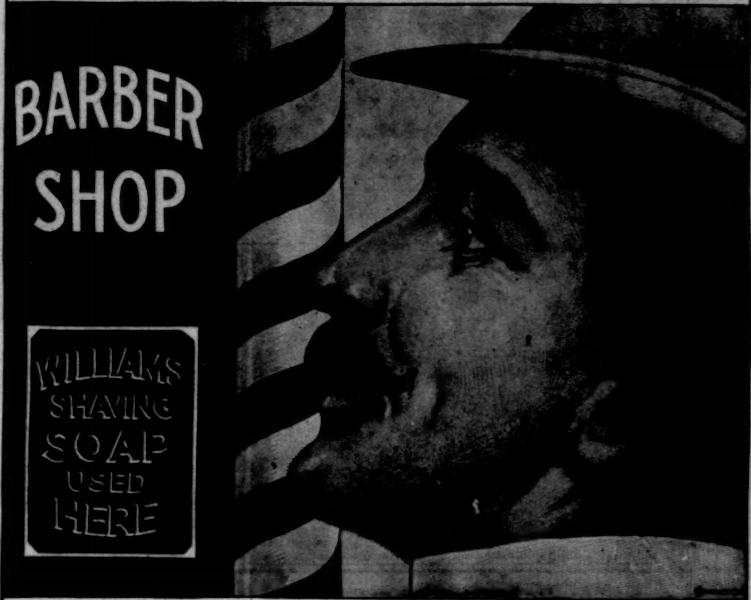

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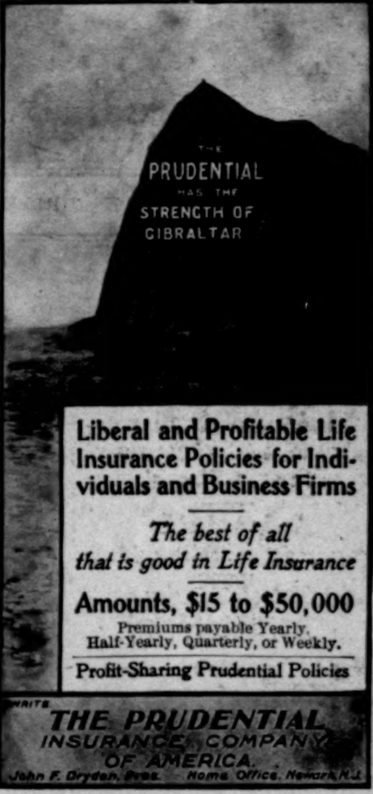

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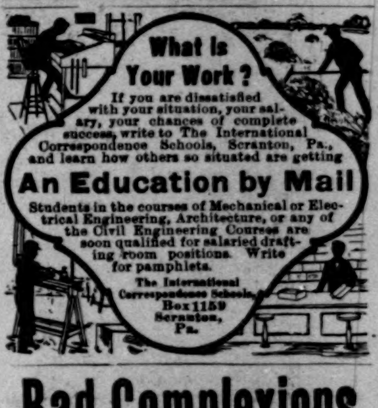

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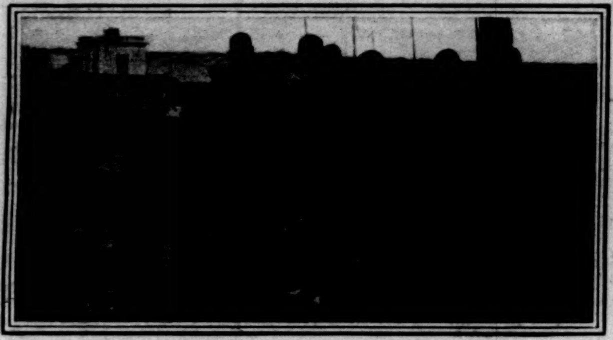
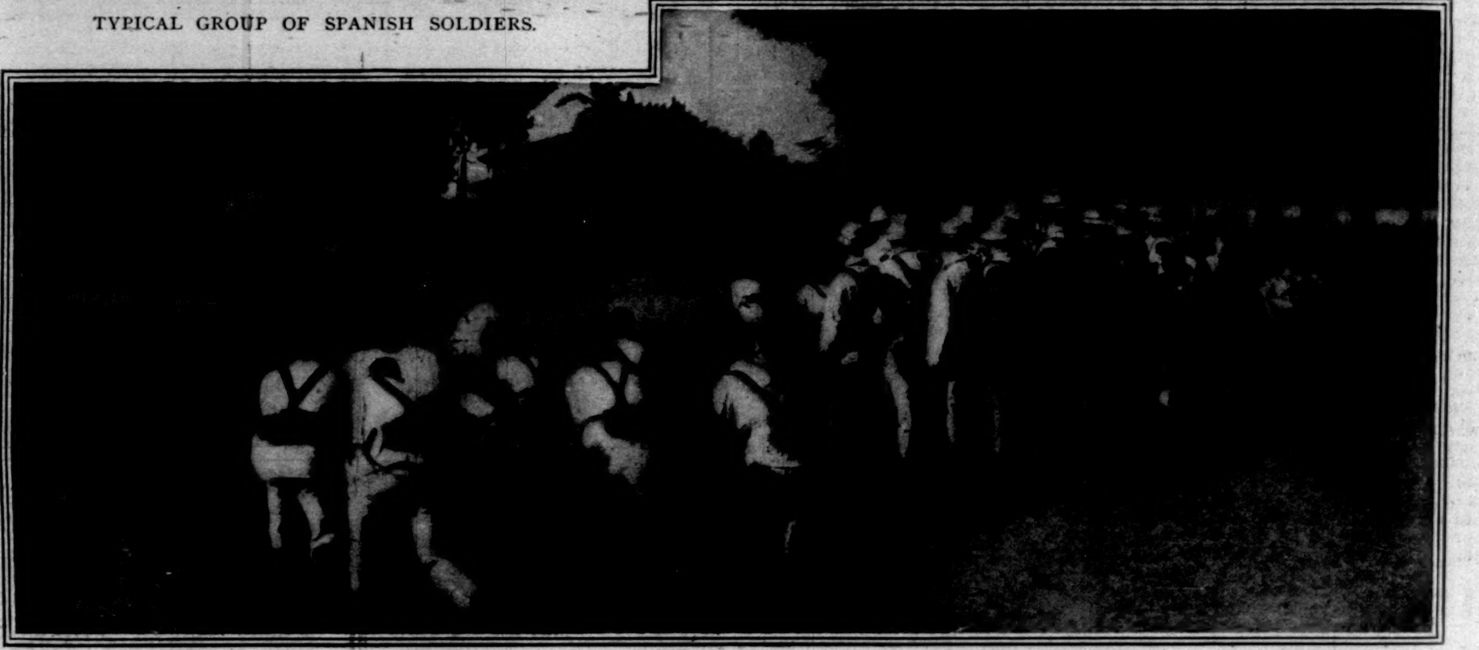
The only Photograph of him ever taken.

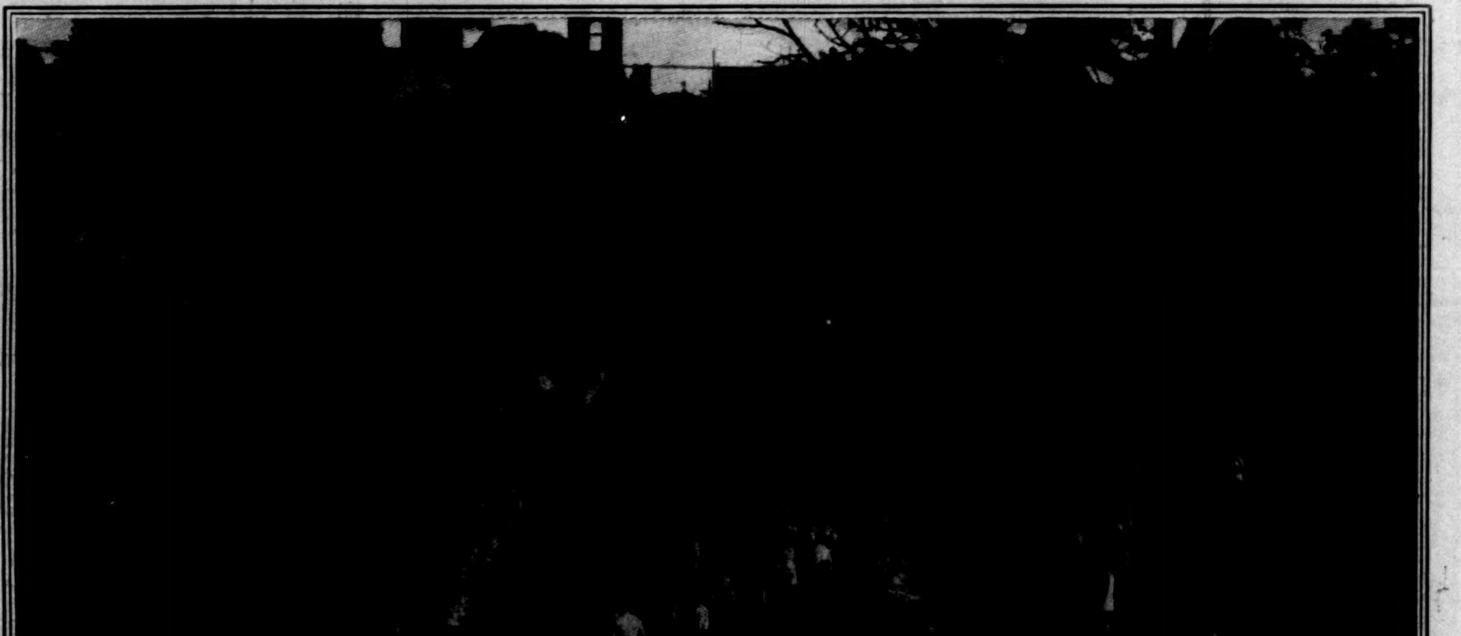
LIEUT.-GEN. CASTELLANOS AND HIS STAFF ON BOARD THE *CATALUÑA*.



TYPICAL GROUP OF SPANISH SOLDIERS.



THE SPANISH BATTALIONS HEARING HIGH MASS BEFORE EMBARKING.



PUBLIC BANQUET IN HONOR OF THE SPANISH TROOPS ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT CIENFUEGOS THREE YEARS AGO.

CIENFUEGOS, CUBA—THE DEPARTURE FOR HOME OF THE LAST SPANISH TROOPS.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE MARQUIS DE GIRANTA.—[SEE PAGE 200.]

AMATEUR SPORT

POLITICS, rather than regard for the sport, marked the course of legislative events at the League of American Wheelmen National Assembly last week at Providence. But there was nothing unusual in that—more's the pity. Politicians and the manufacturers have always dictated in racing questions at the National Assembly. And that suggests adroit manipulation and far-reaching influence—considering how small the number of members directly interested in racing, as compared with the main body of the L. A. W.

Tammany has but one Croker; the L. A. W. has half a dozen, equally cunning, equally unmindful of means to the desired end.

The desired end last week was defeat of a proposition for the L. A. W. to relinquish control of professional racing. And it was attained; undeniably, overwhelmingly. The machine had been oiled generously, and it moved obedient to directions without a hitch or a slip. The lubricant used was certainly persuasive. Delegates on the fence forthwith, not to be slangy, came off their perch, and delegates that had been previously and oppositely instructed straightway forsook home counsel and fell into line with the rest of the gang. "Gang," I am told, is the proper political term.

When they were all in line, the array was formidable and telling. Luckily there was no other serious business before the Assembly; there is no saying what the "gang" might not have done while it had its hand in.

ROPE enough, if one end of it be firmly attached, will hang almost any idiot. It looks as though the L. A. W. had paid out sufficient to warrant speedy mortuary returns.

Sifting out the accomplishments of the Assembly, we find that the L. A. W. officially decided (1) to retain control of professional racing; (2) to govern both amateurs and professionals; (3) not to admit professionals to L. A. W. membership; (4) to exact registration of amateurs and professionals; (5) to grant professionals one representative at the National Assembly; (6) to demand register fees of novices.

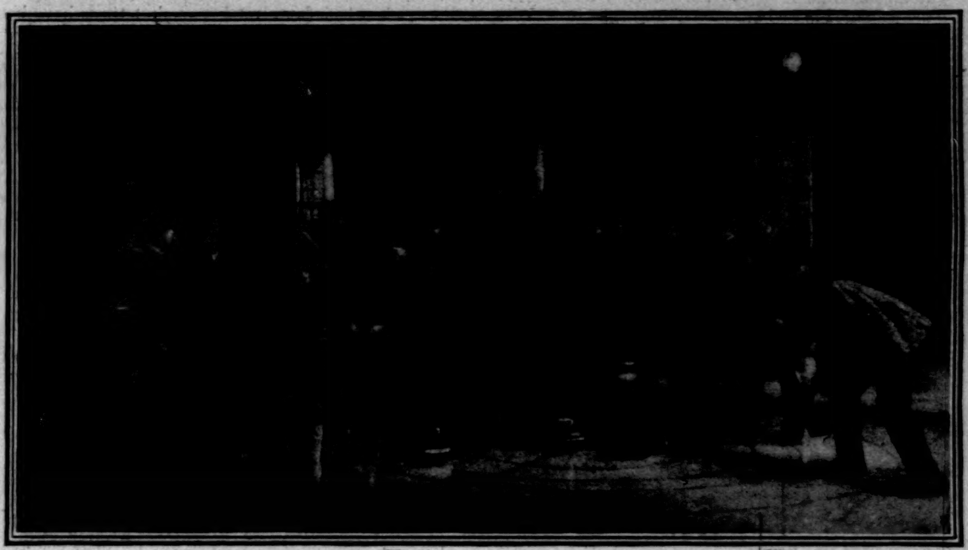
I shall not now enter upon discussion of these matters from an ethical view-point, or their influence upon the welfare of the sport. I have recently written much on the subject; every sportsman knows the danger of associating professionals and amateurs in a given sport, and most men of intelligence, at all interested in bicycling, know the scandals that hang over race-tracks. I catalogue the recent acts of the L. A. W. in National Assembly merely to emphasize their inconsistency. Wisdom was assuredly lacking at the Assembly, however much there may have been of oil and politics.

To assume the government of professional racing, when, of 5000 professional bicyclists in the United States, only 621 in 1898 entered L. A. W. events, was audacious surely. But to attempt control of professional racing and yet deny the professional membership in the body that would govern him is preposterous indeed. To be consistent, the L. A. W. should have opened its membership rolls to professionals. But that would not have suited the manufacturers' interests, so the politicians vetoed it.

PROFESSIONALS will be strangely lacking in spirit if they race for an organization that, while attempting to control them, yet permits them no voice. The granting of a representative at National Assembly is nothing. What will his vote amount to against all the others? They will naturally go where their interests are best served, where they have something to say in the management, where the most tracks are open to them and the purses the larger.

But the professional does not interest us. He will naturally go where he can make the most money. He will of course support the professional racing league, and the L. A. W. will gain nothing from him, while sullying its legitimate field and losing the respect of sportsmen.

It is the fate of amateur racing with which we are concerned. Unless the great body of L. A. W. take more active interest in the politics of the L. A. W. there appears little hope of an improved condition. There are too many elements now prominent in the legislation that are financially interested in the bicycle and its sundries. The best element of the L. A. W. concerns itself chiefly with touring and the improvement of roads. It should direct its attention to improving the class of delegates to National Assemblies. They need it even more than the roads.



THE SHOT COMING—A LITTLE SLOW—WILL IT REACH?

AN amusing feature of the Assembly was the serious discussion, evidently started by some wag, of what constituted an amateur! It has resulted in the appointment, by some half-dozen prominent Eastern clubs, of a committee to "draw up an amateur rule." I do not wonder there is confusion among honest, credulous L. A. W. members. I suggest the committee put the question to the distinguished president or one of his talented *confrères* on the governing board.

The action of the L. A. W. at Providence, with regard to professional racing, must be regarded as an error in judgment that is likely to prove exceedingly harmful. Its mission and its strength lie in devoting its energies to amateurs—real amateurs, not the L. A. W. variety—and to other objects originally intended. Thus may it be made a power for the general good of bicycling—not by dabbling in professional racing.

CORRUPTION in bicycle-racing has frequently been charged in this department and the methods of "amateurs" exposed. And as often as I have called for a reckoning, so often have I been assailed with the violent language of ignorant sporting writers, and with heated denials from indignant "amateurs," from virtuous L. A. W. officials, and from manufacturers.

Albert Mott, ex-chairman of the L. A. W. Racing Board, has just completed his report for 1898, in which, among other things, he touches upon the amateur question. Being an honest man, Mr. Mott tells the truth; and as the truth is rare in bicycle-racing circles, it should, when discovered, be widely disseminated. For that reason, and because Mr. Mott puts the official L. A. W. stamp of corroboration upon what this department has repeatedly asserted, I yield space to that part of his report which is pertinent to the subject:

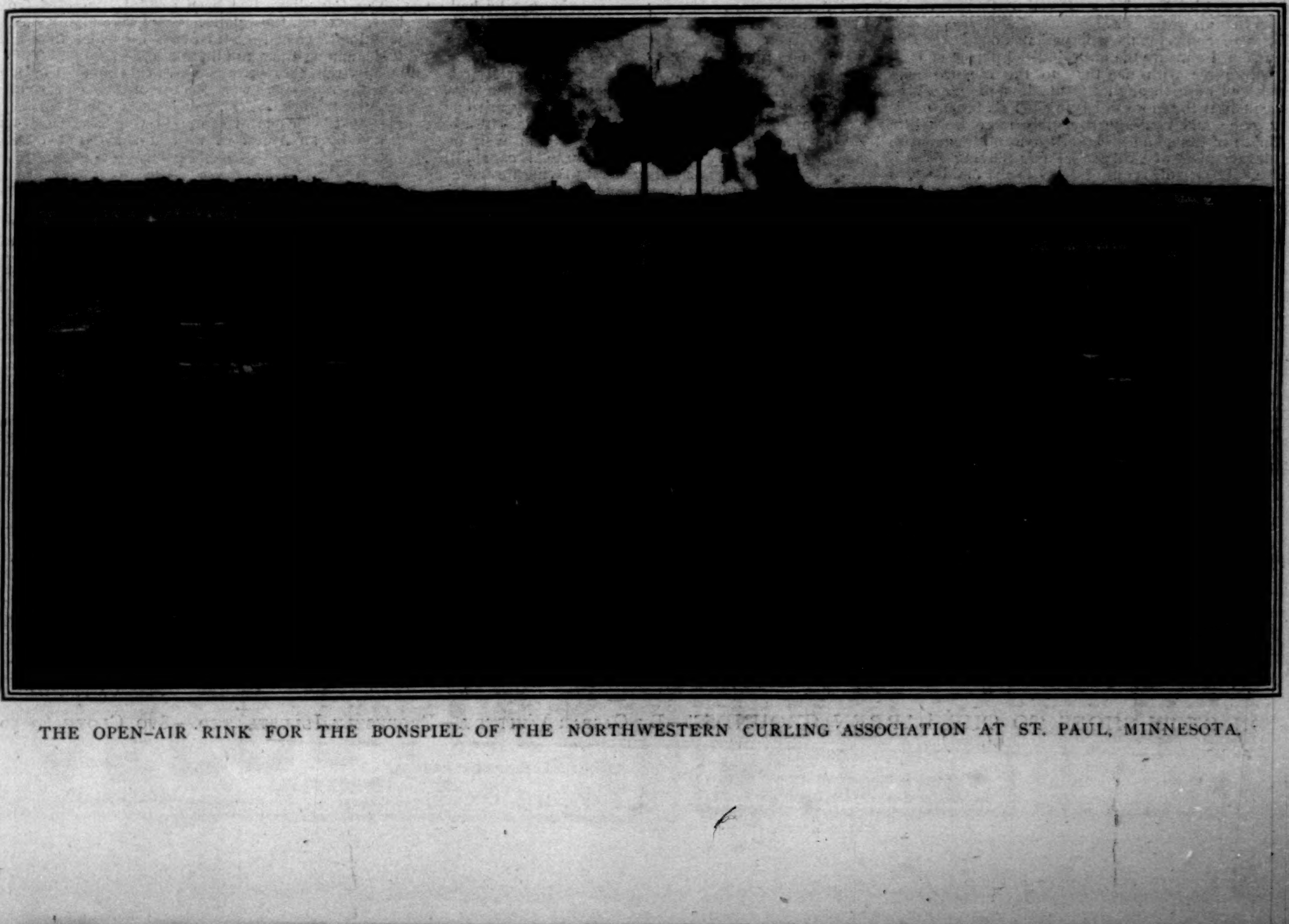
THE AMATEUR QUESTION.

The classification of the racing-men as professionals or amateurs still gives rise to the same conflict as has existed since the amateur definition was first incorporated in the constitution. Many amateurs, after they have been transferred to the professional class, have frankly admitted that they preferred to be amateurs simply because they could command a larger revenue in the amateur class than they could in the professional. The records of the Racing Board will show that in some cases their preference is well founded.

It has been found that some amateurs were employed by manufacturers or dealers, subsidized by them directly or indirectly, or that they were given certain sums for winning positions in heats and races, graduated in price with the prominence of the place, whether a first, second, or third. Furnishing amateurs with wheels, tires, saddles, for racing purposes, was quite common, and the name of the wheel ridden was frequently required to be placed on the racing-suit, until at last an amateur bicycle-race had in appearance something in common with a procession of advertising sandwich-men on a city street.

In the last season, however, much of this was corrected by the Board's interpretation of the amateur rules, as published in the book of rules, 100,000 of which were distributed from Maine to California without cost to the L. A. W. except transportation. Many so-called amateurs, who, under the conditions above named, were by false pretences robbing actual amateurs of prizes, were investigated, caught in the act, and transferred to the professional class. Advertisements were also inserted in the papers and on score-cards by some manufacturers and dealers, calling attention to the fact that such and such amateur racing-men rode their wheels, and giving the record of their winnings upon them. This naturally called the attention of the Board members to the men so published.

Other so-called amateurs were without visible means of support, going about the country from race meet to race meet, travelling in palace-cars, putting up at only the best class hotels, and were fitted out with racing paraphernalia, consisting of wheels in wheel-trunks, trainers,



THE OPEN-AIR RINK FOR THE BONSPIEL OF THE NORTHWESTERN CURLING ASSOCIATION AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

> etc., in the style usually adopted by the most prosperous professionals, at the expense only of some manufacturer. Some of these amateurs have practised upon the supposed ignorance of members of the Racing Board when they were officiating at race meets. In one instance, where a majority of the Board was officiating, an amateur who had won a qualifying position in a heat, although it was a second, claimed first, and when he was told it made no difference to him so that he had qualified, still persisted, and stated that a first, even in a heat where there was no prize, was worth more to him than a second. Of course this was an inadvertent confession, and the man was eventually transferred by the Board.

DEEPER conviction perhaps will be conveyed by Mr. Mott's revelations if I add that these are the official utterances of a man who, in his capacity as chairman of the L. A. W. Racing Board, sanctioned 1939 meets in '98, and one way and another reviewed the status of over 20,000 wheelmen engaged in racing as amateurs or professionals.

It is fair to assume therefore that Mr. Mott knows what he is talking about. Evidently he knows too much to suit the virtuous L. A. W. officials and the manufacturers. I observe another chairman is to be appointed to the Racing Board for 1899.

REFERRING to the recent disclosure of dishonesty in athletics at Northwestern University—*to wit*, the case of Ryan, the quarter-back, who was promised a salary by the football-manager—it is instructive to note that even among Northwestern's nearest rivals no nine days' wonder appears to have been created by the scandal. A week before the dénouement one of the more guileless Evanstonians confided to a friend of mine that he feared the most "stupendous disclosure in the history of Western athletics" was about to be made—something, in fact, which would "shake things to their very foundation."

The disclosure came. A few expressed sincere surprise—not at the gravity of the offence, but at Northwestern's persistent stupidity. Otherwise there was nothing to be said save a mere "I told you so."

These have a sad significance.

True, there were a few vigorous disclaimers from the faculty.

> Some things are of that nature as to make
> One's fancy chuckle while one's heart doth ache.

Probably it would do no good for any one's heart to ache over Evanston. She is working out her own athletic damnation fast enough as it is. Yet the lines are suggested by the naïve tone in which professionalism is disowned by some members of the Northwestern faculty—for example: "Though doubtless it will amaze you that we are holding so extreme a view, we sincerely do not believe in hiring the players, and such practices will positively not be tolerated." That was the gist of it.

I am reminded of once hearing a slow-witted Indiana farmer solemnly declare to a Hoosier jury that the faithlessness of his wife had "hurt his feelings terribly."

SMALL wonder that the student management has pulled the wool over faculty eyes. And all the more significant is the utter failure of the incident to arouse any particular local public attention. This may betoken to the self-satisfied faculty committee that the public does not hold them in too bad a light, after all. But the explanation is that everybody knew the Evanston athletic management was corrupt, and the exposé consequently occasioned no especial comment.

The sooner the Northwestern professors leave off writing philippics against those who criticise the unwholesome athletic methods of their college and set to work on some internal remodelling, the sooner will come public confidence. The sooner the faculty realizes that its athletic methods are a byword in the mouth of all honest and discerning sportsmen, the sooner may we hope for some evidence of the really sound principles which certainly underlie student interest in sport at Evanston, as they do at the majority of colleges elsewhere.

After all, it is only a question of letting the real student sentiment express itself.

RACQUETS is a game so absorbing and of such skilled possibilities, one wonders a bit why it is not more generally played by Americans. Certainly there is no indoor sport that approaches it.

Devotees of court-tennis will perhaps challenge this statement, but I am sure the unprejudiced player of both games will agree with me that, to the average man who seeks exercise through the medium of interesting play, racquets is the more satisfying. This because it is a faster game and consequently gives more work in a given length of time, and because it does not demand so high a development of skill before fair playing form is attainable. What golf is out-of-doors to the middle-aged of athletic tendencies, racquets and tennis are in-doors; for though racquets as played by experts is the fastest, hardest game on earth, yet also to the mediocre performer it is a possible, and a blood-stirring, fascinating game.

But there are only four clubs in the United States that have courts—Chicago Athletic Association, Boston Athletic Association, Philadelphia Racquet Club, and the New York Racquet and Tennis Club. Except for those in the former home of the New York Racquet Club, there are no other courts in this country.

That, however, is not so surprising as the lack of a court at any one of our colleges or preparatory schools. The game is better appreciated in England.

OXFORD, Cambridge, and all the large public (preparatory) schools are provided with courts, and the racquet matches viewed as the most important, as they certainly are the most interesting, events on the annual sport calendar. Aside from its entertaining features, no game is more fully qualified to keep the candidates for various teams in fine physical condition during the winter months when out-of-door work is impossible.

It might be the one game, too, in America in which all the colleges could meet without prejudice and without handicap. A genuine inter-collegiate contest which, unlike any other present collegiate sport, could be opened to all comers; the one game in which there would be an excellent chance of international university meetings. It could, in fact, be open to the university world, just as the lawn-tennis tournament at Newport is open to the amateur universe.

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PLAYERS have multiplied where courts are, and in Boston and New York particularly the average standard of skill has advanced materially. Four or five years ago, in the New York club, for instance, there were not more than two or three men in the first class, while the skill of the others ranged over a generous scale of mediocrity. To-day the club could muster perhaps ten or a dozen in the scratch class, while the growth of first and second class handicap contingents attests increasing popularity of the game, and development of first-class performers.

Boston has had few scratch men, but those have been in their time the very best in the country. Tooker stood a good second to de Garmendia, the strongest player America has yet developed, and Shaw this year has revealed form that places him perhaps a bit above Tooker.

Average members' play in the Boston court is probably not so good as that in New York, the same being true of Philadelphia and Chicago. Neither of the last-named cities, in fact, appears to have any scratch men, else we should probably have heard of them in connection with the National singles championships, which are being decided in the New York Racquet Club as I write.

CONTEST for the championship of the New York club, although replete with play of high quality, missed interesting developments, through the absence of Mackay, one of the most promising of the younger class of players, and the out-of-town detention of M. La Montagne, which kept him from meeting Dinsmore in the second round.

In point of fact, the most entertaining and exciting matches were those in which the veterans figured. M. La Montagne's defeat of Campbell can hardly be called a surprise, for the play of neither was a revelation to those who had previously seen them in the court. Immense gratification, however, attended the result, no less because of the triumph of La Montagne's tried and refined skill, than for Campbell's exceptionally rapid progress in the art of the game.

It would disappoint all students of racquets were success to come too quickly even to a player of such potential possibilities as Campbell.

Their match was intensely enjoyable, on account of the merit of individual performance, as well as for the comparisons offered in method and disposition. It may be said at once that Campbell sustained the comparison admirably. His is a style which, with the added experience that brings completer mastery of the angles of the walls, will place him one day among the first two or three players in this country. He retains in his service all the snap so long familiar on the lawn-tennis court, but shows the fickleness of stroke which nothing but long and hard practice corrects.

La Montagne won primarily because of his strong, cleanly placed service, but his real superiority lay in his unwavering grasp of the *finesse* of the game, and in the certainty of his strokes. He knew the angles of the court, and proved it by meeting the ball rather than chasing it. A pretty struggle would have ensued had M. La Montagne met Dinsmore.

HOYT succeeded in defeating the two remaining veterans of the tournament in games that were hotly contested. E. La Montagne was palpably off the form associated with his appearance in the court, else he would in all likelihood have won out, but Paton, so long as he lasted, gave Hoyt all he could attend to and retain his lead. The last two games especially were the most exciting of all the series. Paton plays with unvarying determination; he is consistent in his work, and of long experience. A very hard combination to beat, as Hoyt discovered.

The final or championship round was disappointing. Those unfamiliar with Hoyt's match play believed his victory over Dinsmore assured; those who knew the occasional vagaries of Hoyt's work yet thought he had an even chance for the final honor. And both were destined to surprise.

Dinsmore played straight through his opponent at such a pace, and with so little hinderance one scarcely recognized the Hoyt who had shown such rare form against both Paton and E. La Montagne, or who last year won the championship by defeating M. La Montagne. Truth is, Hoyt is one of those players who cannot on every occasion or against every opponent play up to his capabilities. His service is strong and his general playing form second to none in the club; but he lacks continuous aggression. He has not this year been at his best in match play, where one's utmost effort is necessary from start to finish.

DINSMORE, on the other hand, performs best under such conditions. He is distinctly a match player, and largely to that quality may be attributed his recent success. There is vigor and speed in his play that is hard to resist; his service is fast, and with an underhand cut most difficult to handle. Around the court, however, Dinsmore is comparatively slow—a fatal weakness against a fast, aggressive player—such, for instance, as Shaw, whom Dinsmore will meet in the National championships. Summaries New York Racquet Club championship:

M. La Montagne, O. S. Campbell.	La Montagne, 4-15, 17-13, 15-10, 15-10.	Dinsmore, by default.	*Feb. 11, 1899.* Dinsmore, 15-11, 15-4, 15-8.
C. H. Mackay, W. B. Dinsmore, Jr.	Dinsmore, by default.		
J. S. Hoyt, E. La Montagne, Jr.	Hoyt, 12-15, 8-15, 15-10, 15-8, 15-2.	Hoyt, 15-9, 12-15, 18-14, 17-16.	
M. S. Paton.	Bye.		

The National singles championships are being played in the New York Racquet Club courts while we are on the press, and the week following, for the first time, the doubles championship will be decided in the courts of the Philadelphia Racquet Club. Entries for these include the leading players of the United States and Canada; F. Rolland, champion of the latter country, being among the number.

FIGURE skating appears to be suffering from the same complaint as speed skating—provincialism. In no other way can we explain the indifferent success that annually attends the speed championships and the evident decline of interest in figure skating.

Year after year the National Amateur Skating Association holds its speed and figure championships in New York or its immediate vicinity, as though there were no skating interests elsewhere worth considering. There are also skaters in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburg. Boston especially is a distinct skating centre. There is nothing like the interest in New York and vicinity as in New England.

One would imagine these facts would have impressed the Association officers earlier. The only way to put life into these annual events and revive interest in the Association is to hold the championships at different centres every year. Thus a local interest will be created without losing prominent entries, and the event will acquire something of the national flavor it assumes to have.

SIX entries were recorded for this year's figure championship, held at St. Nicholas Rink last Wednesday—Arthur G. Keane, Irving Brokaw, and Howard R. Ward, New York; T. M. Vinson, Boston; A. G. Stevens, St. John, New Brunswick; and W. W. Arnold, Pawtucket, Rhode Island. Vinson withdrew. The judges were Louis Rubenstein, Montreal, American champion in '88, '89; George D. Phillips, New York, champion '90, '92, '93, '94, '95, and '97; E. P. Good, Brooklyn, winner in '87.

The contest was believed to rest between Keane and Brokaw, and so it proved, for they took the lead from the very beginning. Of the others, Ward was the only one worthy of mention, and his chief recommendation to notice was fairly excellent results on limited experience. His work, except in some sets of "curved angles," was greatly inferior to either of the leading two. But he is only eighteen years of age, and competed last year for the first time, securing fifth place. He shows possibilities and will improve. That he took third place this year, however, with 39 points, is commentary enough on the class of entries.

Stevens is a veteran, but evidently never acquired much skill; Arnold's form was even worse, and the two retired from the competition after the seventh figure.

Brokaw has greatly improved since last year; his work shows a confidence and steadiness of execution that make his movements at once bold and graceful. In the simple movements this quality shone pre-eminently.

Keane, however, has the experience which brings absolute accuracy of conception and nicety of finish, and that made him unbeatable when it came to the more intricate figures. And thus he won the championship for the second year. Total scores, Keane, 62; Brokaw, 53; Ward, 39.

CURLING is a sportman's game, the status of whose players is never questioned. Therefore the obviously increasing interest in it is most pleasing. Here on the Atlantic coast clubs are few, though enthusiastic, but in the Middle West, particularly north of Chicago, they outnumber those devoted to any other winter sport. The event of the Western season is the bonspiel of the Northwestern Association, which really is international, and this year—its seventh annual—was held at St. Paul, with entries from Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Canada. It was a very satisfactory meet, though the absence of many prominent "birthers of the broom" was disappointing, only twenty-two rinks having entered as against thirty-seven for 1898. Among the missing ones were the strong rinks skipped by McLeod, Smith, and Hurdon of Minnesota, and McCall, Chandler, and Wells of Wisconsin.

The ice was exceptionally good, the surface hard, and of that character which gives the stones the proper "grasp" to make them "draw to the tie" around the most adroitly placed guards. The surface was also as level as a billiard table, being on piling driven below the frost-line, so it never heaved, as ice made on ground always does by action of the frost.

The Canadians had been carefully selected from the best players in the Dominion, and were highly successful, winning three of the four prizes for which they were eligible, among them the international trophy. They were steady, reliable performers—S. G. Harstone (Winnipeg) especially so—who won because of their consistently real high-class work. Yet there is some solace for us in the fact that each one of the eight Canadian rinks was defeated by an American rink at some time during the bonspiel.

SPEAKING generally, the play was of high quality, there being almost none of the "running" or "plugging" game—that resort of the mediocre. The quiet "draw" game of the real artists was largely in evidence, as may be judged by the fact that many ends were played which showed 10 to 14 stones in the house, and the score 1 or 2. Of the home clubs, Minneapolis, skipped by T. Hastings, was most successful.

One reason for the success of the Curling Association is that, unlike the Skating Association, it does not every year choose home grounds for its championship.

In the East the most important curling has been for the Alexander Mitchell medal, which, donated in '85, stands for the club championship of the United States, the East and the West being chosen alternately for site of competition. Last year it was won at St. Paul by the St. Paul club. This year eleven teams entered, and at the close of the second round three remained—Van Cortlandts, Thistles No. 2, and Yonkers No. 2—and the first won out after beating in succession Yonkers, 22 to 9, and Thistles by the close score of 16 to 13. Yonkers appears to have fallen behind in wielding the besom; two years ago it won the medal at Hoboken rink, for the fifth time.

Another match of (curling) historic interest was that between teams of New York and New Jersey for the John L. Hamilton medal, won for the first time, in 1876, by New Jersey. They were not so fortunate this year; for, having but five clubs to draw from against New York's twelve, they were handicapped from the start, and lost by 118 points to New York's 173.

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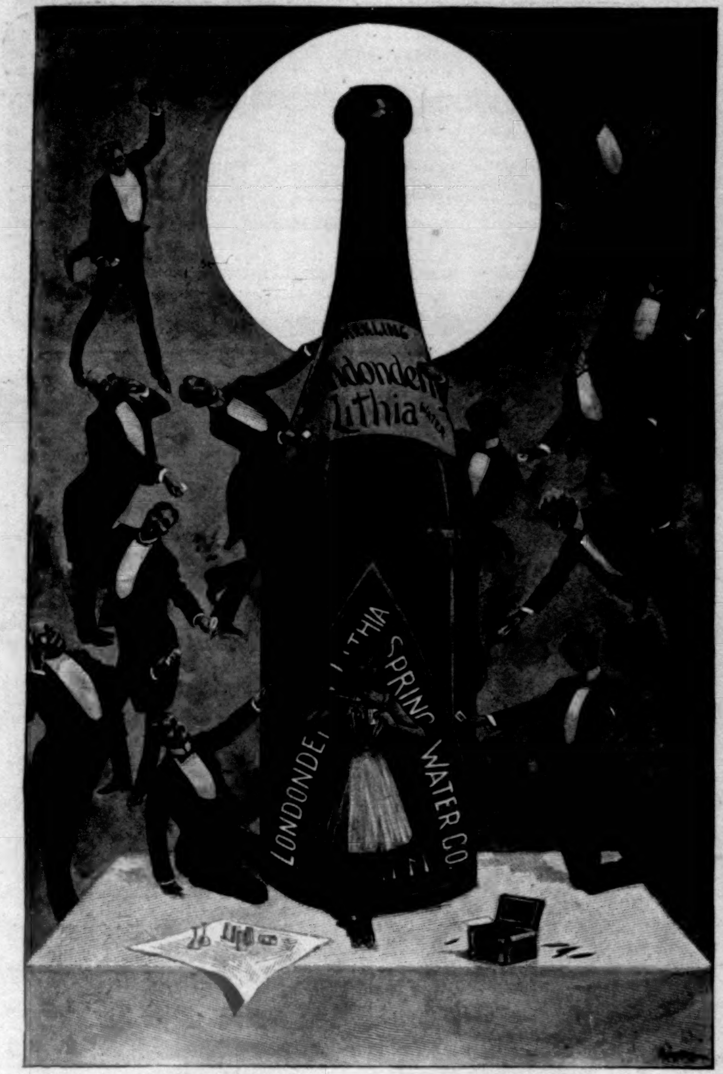

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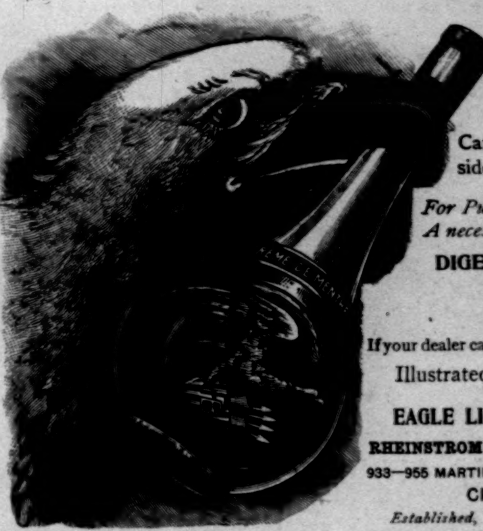

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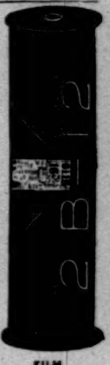

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